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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

HE KNEW WHAT HE LIKED

"WHEN people talk to me of the imaginative and the unimaginative, of what is dramatic and not dramatic, of tendencies, realism and the like, I get perplexed, irresolutely say yes or no, and answer with banal half truths which are not worth a brass farthing. I divide all work into two kinds: that which I like, and that which I do not like." These words ought to give comfort to those honest folk who are willing to admit that they don't know anything about art, but insist that they know what they like — and who have been sneered at by the arty ones for saying so. From these words it would appear that they have Tchekhov on their side (see "The Life and Letters of Anton Tchekhov", translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky and Philip Tomlinson, page 179). He didn't know anything about art either, it appears, and controversies as to what was "artistic" only wearied him (see "Letters of Anton Chekhov", translated by Constance Garnett, page 137). And, surely, a view that is good enough for a Russian literary demigod is good enough for the barber's wife at Akron, Ohio. If she really does know what she likes, and doesn't just take Bob Davis's or Ray Long's or our word for it, she is in a perfectly healthy frame of mind.

FICTION AND THE SECOND BEST

LATTERLY there appeared in a leading review a criticism by an outstanding writer of a new novel which was labeled "second best". The reviewer made his case. And there is probably no other art in which the distinction between first rate and second rate work is more immediately sensed by the layman, hard as it is for the practised critic to define the difference. There are novels one remembers, to know which was not to read a book but to have an experience, to live in a new dimension at first hand. There have been several even in our own day. Few readers are able to think

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back without something like emotion to such works as "Sons and Lovers", "Of Human Bondage", "Tono Bungay", "Growth of the Soil", "Ethan Frome", "Jean-Christophe". The list could doubtless be extended and varied, though its limits would soon be reached and it would not be varied much. Different as these books are, what is it that they have in common, and what is it that separates them oceanically from their inferiors? It may be suggested that their hold on us lies in the fact that they are not transcripts of life, but life itself; each does more than report an environment, it constitutes one; it is not the geography of a continent, but the very continent. The fortunes of the people in each of these worlds become our fortunes; we live in their universe because their universe fills our imagination. In such a book one feels that a novelist is not merely recording an observation or transcribing a dream; he is, in the literal sense, the maker of a cosmos. It is as if a god had put a universe, with all its chances and all its necessities, between covers.

The second rate fictionist plays at being a god, but his creatures do not move and breathe; because his cosmos does not convince, it has no being. That is why the second rate novelist seems such a hopeless waste of time. The first rate novel is not simply something better; it is something totally different. It is the fusion of a dozen magics and a dozen illuminations. It is gossip become deep and universal, poetry turned dramatic, and philosophy become human and alive. The first rate novelist is a story teller and a prophet in one. Regrettably, he is oftentimes not a best seller. As for the second rate marionette maker — "Nobody believes in him, nobody wants him, nobody listens to him at all."

BANISH MORALITY AND CONVENTION?

Dallas, Texas
December 9, 1925

Dear Sir:

I am not a subscriber to THE BOOKMAN *but I have been buying it at newsstands for the past four years.*

However, after reading your editorial in the November issue, in which you comment on Ben Hecht's dirtiness and make a plea for CLEAN *books I have decided that I no longer care to read a magazine so bound down with the fetters of morality and convention.*

THIS is not the only admonishing letter we have received. And this young member of the Texas intelligentsia (his letter paper bears the winged torch of "The Order of Bookfellows", the motto of which order is "*ubi literæ ibi lux*") speaks in plain terms. He doubtless finds in the works of Mr. Hecht a light which is absent from the pages of THE BOOKMAN. Yet Heywood Broun, who refuses on somewhat similar grounds to contribute to our objectionably clean pages, and his young followers, should know that there is a college from which we are barred because of our "impudence and radicalism", that there are countless "old subscribers" who find us too hospitable to literary foibles which seem to them highly unmoral.

It is indeed true that Theodore Dreiser has contributed to these pages; so, too, the Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. George Horace Lorimer once wrote us an essay, and the barbs of H. L. Mencken have graced these columns. William Lyon Phelps has discussed books between the blue covers, and Carl Van Vechten has pirouetted for the delight of our readers. Writers of so popular a nature that they would be cried down in the literate confines of Dallas have been welcomed here. Even the darling of collegiates, Mr. Hecht, has found us hospitable to his words. If this Texan advocate of freedom has not discovered in four years that THE BOOKMAN, while maintaining a definite editorial opinion, is

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always open to the opinions of others, it will naturally be useless for him to continue his researches in our direction further. He must find a journal in which the reflection of his own mind alone is seen. He must cultivate editors and writers who see only to the length of their own noses. He must bolster up his own standards, whether of morality or immorality, with philosophies contained in definitely labeled capsules. Obviously this young man was not born in Texas. He, or his forebears, must have come from New England. He is an apostle of the new Puritanism, for he exhibits all the mental rigidity commonly credited to the New England Fathers.

PAUL VALÉRY

THE speculation as to who would succeed to the late Anatole France's chair in the French Academy has been squashed by the election of Paul Valéry. Now that M. Valéry is one of the Forty Immortals it becomes of some interest to find out who he is, for there is nothing more irritating to one's sense of completeness than to find a group of unknown Immortals wandering through the galleries of French literature. There are so many of them, so many that the literary traveler may point at and inquire, "Now who is that and what did he ever write?" Happily enough, in M. Valéry's case such a gesture would be a prime confession of undue ignorance of contemporary French letters, for this writer is one of the most distinguished poets and prose writers in France. Indeed, there is a formidable group that asserts that M. Valéry is the finest living poet of present day France. It must not be imagined that he is a young man in any sense of the word, for he first started publication about 1890, a year that antedated the birth of many a prominent writer in the France of our day. He was the friend and foremost disciple of Stéphane Mallarmé and, in a sense, may be called that great symbolist's successor. Curiously enough, his poetry of the Nineties which seemed to usher in an auspicious career lapsed about the beginning of the twentieth century, and for fifteen years he became a mute figure in French letters, breaking his long silence in 1917 with "La Jeune Parque". Four years later, in 1921, "La Connaissance", an important review, conducted a referendum with the objective of finding out who was the foremost poet of the day in France. M. Valéry received the majority of votes. This is important when we reflect that his contemporaries included Paul Claudel, Paul Fort, Francis Jammes, Henri de Régnier, and a dozen other prominent poets.

Valéry is, first of all, a poet of the mind, a symbolist and classicist in happy combination. His intellectualism makes him somewhat difficult for English readers whose French marches upon rather wabbly legs, yet he is well worth cracking one's brain over. The manycolored world interests Valéry only in its relation to the intellect. He believes that the diversity of things may be destroyed and a great continuity discovered. In fact, it is the universal man, the man who sums up and coördinates all systems in himself, for which he seeks and attempts to prepare the way. It would be too difficult to go into the intricate cerebralism of Valéry's work, but prospective readers may be referred to his "La Soirée avec M. Teste", the "Introduction à la Méthode de Léonard de Vinci", "Eupalinos", and "L'Ame et

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la Danse", for the high points of his work. A long poem of his, "Le Serpent", has been translated and may be procured in an English (not American) edition.

It is to be suspected that Valéry will never enjoy that international popularity which was the happy reward of Anatole France's prodigious labors. Certain superficial aspects carried France's work over all the world, but Valéry has no superficial aspects. He does not appear to be a man who cares much for fame, and if he is a personality in himself (such as France was, for instance) he has yet to reveal it. All these brief descriptive strokes are set down with a purpose, and that is to astonish the civilized world by the notification that a really talented creative artist has been elected to the French Academy. After General Foch anything might have happened. Joseph Caillaux might have been elected! Perhaps he is by this time. One never knows what the French Academy will do. In the case of Paul Valéry, however, it has accomplished a real service to French letters, for it is presumable that the election will serve to concentrate attention on Valéry inside of France as well as out of it.

TRAVEL BOOKS

ALMOST everyone loves to travel, but it is not always the traveler who loves travel books. That may be because the experienced traveler wants nothing less than his own eyes can see or that his own nostrils can sense. No book, however precise or however poetical, will quite capture for him the fairy tale beauty of the towers of Florence as seen from some vantage point among the Tuscan hills. He will miss in the most perceptive prose the languorous flavor, the savor even, of the Sicilian landscape. These books may do for the stay-at-home, but the bona fide traveler will sniff at the stuff.

But he will not sniff at all of it. There are certain books the wanderer knows that seem as good after he has seen the places described as they were before. There are books that do not suffer for being read on the very spot itself. They are usually written by men who have the precise eye of the geographer and the feeling of an unobtrusive poet. No traveler in southern Italy will ever be superior to George Gissing's "By the Ionian Sea". He knows too well with what perfect restraint and perfect precision George Gissing rendered the dirty, the languid, beauty flecked echo of Greece that is crowded into the tip of Italy. He knows, too, that the poetic flashes that occur on every page are the poetry native to the places themselves, not to the rhetoric of their visitor. He will be interested in a book like Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher", for it is full of notions, if not ideas. But he will more truly admire such a masterpiece as W. H. Hudson's "Afoot in England", not least when he is actually rambling through one of the field paths that make England, even in a motor age, a pedestrian's paradise. He will admire it because it communicates the places and their own secret, not the opinions that the writer brought with him from home. Good travel books are rare because good poets are rare, poets resolute on their wanderings to record not their own tears, but the "tears of things".

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DIARY OF AN EASTERN JOURNEY

By Aldous Huxley

PORT SAID. The after hatch was off. Hung high above the opening, the electric lights glared down into the deep square well of the hold. The watcher, leaning over the brink of the well, shouted and waved his arms. The donkey engine rattled responsively. Twenty sacks of potatoes came rushing up from the depths. Ten feet above the level of the deck, they were swung sideways by the transverse pull of a second rope, hung suspended for a moment beyond the gunwale, then, at another signal from the watcher, dropped down into the waiting lighter. The watcher raised his hand again; again the engine rattled. Two empty loops of rope came up over the ship's side, whipped across the deck and went down, writhing like snakes, into the well. At the bottom, far down, little men caught at the trailing ropes, piled up the sacks, made fast. The watcher shouted. Yet another quintal of potatoes came rushing up, swung sideways, dropped out of sight over the edge of the ship. And so it continued, all the night. Curiously, admiringly, and at last with a growing sense of horror, I looked on. Moving bits of matter from one point of the world's surface to another — man's whole activity. And the wisdom of the East, I reflected, consists in the affirmation that it is better to leave the bits of matter where they are. Up to a point, no doubt, the sages of the East are right. There are many bits of matter which might be left in their place and nobody would be any the worse. These particles of ink, for example, which I so laboriously transfer from their bottle to the surface of the paper. . . .

We landed — in what a sink! At Port Said they speak all languages, accept every currency. But their exchange is robbery and they employ their gift of tongues only for cheating. The staple industry of the place seems to be the manufacture and sale of indecent photographs. They are stocked in almost every shop; they are pressed upon you — at prices that decline astonishingly, as you walk away, from a sovereign to half a crown — by every loafer. The copiousness of the supply is proof of a correspondingly large demand for these wares by passing travelers. In these matters, it seems, many people are more agreeably excited by the representation — whether pictorial or verbal — than by carnal reality. It is a curious psychological fact, for which I can find no complete explanation.

In the Red Sea. Talking with Europeans who live and work in the East, I find that, if they love the East (which they mostly do) it is always for the same reason. In the East, they say, a man is somebody; he has authority and is looked up to; he knows all the people who matter and is known. At home, he is lost in the crowd; he does not count; he is nobody. Life in the East satisfies the profoundest and most powerful of all the instincts — that of self assertion. The young man who goes out from a London suburb

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to take up a clerkship in India finds himself a member of a small ruling community; he has slavish servants to order about, dark skinned subordinates to whom it is right and proper to be rude. Three hundred and twenty million Indians surround him; he feels incomparably superior to them all, from the coolie to the maharaja, from the untouchable to the thoroughbred Brahman, from the illiterate peasant to the holder of half a dozen European degrees. He may be ill-bred, stupid, uneducated; no matter. His skin is white. Superiority in India is a question of epiderms. No wonder if he loves the East. For the European, Eastern conditions of life are a kind of intoxicant. But the tipsiness they produce is more satisfactory than that which results from the absorption of whisky. Alcohol, as the anonymous poet has said,

> Bids valour burgeon in strong men,
> Quickens the poet's wit and pen,
> Despises fate.

But the sense of power which it gives, the feeling of grandeur and importance, are purely illusory and do not last. The intoxication of the East is permanent and the sense of greatness is not entirely an illusion. The commercial traveler who goes East is really a greater man (so long as he remains in the East) than his colleague in patent medicines at home. Sobriety supervenes only when he returns to Europe. In the West he finds his natural place in the social hierarchy. One out of London's suburban millions, he feels homesick for the East. It is not to be wondered at. What man likes to be sediment, when he might float gallantly on the sunlit surface?

Everybody on the ship menaces us with the prospect of a very "good time" in India. A good time means going to the races, playing bridge, drinking cocktails, dancing till four in the morning, and talking about nothing. And meanwhile the beautiful, the incredible world in which we live awaits our exploration and life is short, and time flows stanchlessly, like blood from a mortal wound. There are men and women, the innumerable living, and, in books, the souls of those dead who deserved to be immortal. Heaven preserve me, in such a world, from having a "good time"! Heaven helps those who help themselves. I shall see to it that my time in India is as bad as I can make it.

Bombay. On the quay, awaiting the disembarkment of their relatives on board our ship, stand four or five Parsi ladies — all ugly, as only members of that exclusive, inbred race can be ugly. They wear Indian *saris* with European blouses, stockings, and high heeled canvas shoes. In one hand they hold black umbrellas, in the other garlands of flowers. The black umbrellas are for use against the sun; the wreaths of tuberoses and oleanders are to hang around the necks of their returning friends. One of the ladies, we are confidentially informed, is an eminent woman doctor.

A dozen coolies, thin limbed like spider monkeys, are drafted to wheel up the gangway. They lay their hands on it; they simultaneously utter a loud cry — in the hope, evidently, that the gangway will take fright and move of its own accord. But their faith is insufficient; the gangway does not stir. Sadly, with sighs, they make up their mind to shove. A vulgar, commonplace, and tiring method of making things move. But at least it works. The gangway rolls across the quay, is hoisted into position. Passengers begin to leave the ship. The friends and relations of the Parsi ladies at last come down the plank. They

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are embraced, lassooed with flowers, and led off to the attendant Hupmobiles and Overlands behind the Custom House. It is our first view of the East.

The brown skins, the bare feet, the nose rings, the humped bullocks — all these things were forseeable, seemed obvious and familiar from the moment of landing. The really odd, unexpected thing about Bombay was its birds. There are more birds in the streets of this million peopled city than in an English woodland. Huge kites, their wings spread and unmoving, go soaring along the thoroughfares, effortlessly keeping pace with the traffic below. Innumerable grey headed crows fly hither and thither, sit perched on every roof, every sill and wire. Their cawing is the fundamental bass to every other sound in Bombay. Kites and crows do useful scavenging work, and Bombay, which produces much garbage and few dustmen, keeps them well employed and copiously fed. Nobody, in this land where the killing of animals is all but murder, does them or their nests any harm. They increase and multiply; they are astonishingly unafraid. All over India we were to find the same abundance of bird life, the same trustful absence of fear. Coming from Italy where, for nine months of the year while *lo sport* is in progress, the countryside is almost birdless, where armed men lie ambushed half a day for a hedge sparrow and migrant warblers are netted and eaten by the thousand — coming from Italy, I was particularly impressed by the number and variety of Indian birds.

Architecturally, Bombay is one of the most appalling cities of either hemisphere. It had the misfortune to develop during what was, perhaps, the darkest period of all architectural history. Most of its public buildings were designed and executed between 1860 and 1900. It is hardly necessary for me to say more. All that need be said has been said perfectly in the guidebook; then, let the guidebook speak. The Presidential Secretariat, we are told, is in "the Venetian Gothic style". The University Hall (completed 1874), which is "in the French Decorated style of the 15th century", rubs shoulders with the "Early English" Law Courts (opened in 1879). The University Library, harking back to an earlier century than the Hall, is "in the style of 14th century Gothic". The Old General Post Office "was designed in the mediæval style by Mr. Trubshawe". (Mr. Trubshawe was cautiously unspecific.) The Telegraph Office (date not mentioned, but my knowledge of architectural fashions makes me inclined to a rather later epoch) is "Romanesque". The Victoria Station, of which the style is "Italian Gothic with certain oriental modifications in the domes", confronts the Municipal Buildings, in which "the oriental feeling introduced into the Gothic architecture has a pleasing effect". More frankly oriental are the Gateway of India ("based on the work of the 16th century in Gujarat") and the Prince of Wales Museum ("based on the Indian work of the 15th and 16th centuries in the Presidency"). The Hotel Majestic and the Taj Mahal Hotel do not receive a description from the guidebook. But they deserve it. The Majestic is more wildly Mohammedan than anything that the most orthodox of Great Moguls ever dreamed of, and the gigantic Taj combines the style of the South Kensington Natural History Museum with that of an Indian pavilion at an International Exhibition. After an hour passed among these treasures of modern architecture, I took a cab and in mere self defense drove to the Town

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Hall, which is a quiet, late Georgian affair, built in the Thirties. Long and low, with its flight of steps, its central pediment, its Doric colonnade, it has an air of calm and quiet decency. Among many architectural cads and pretentious bounders, it is almost the only gentleman. In Bombay, it seems as good as the Parthenon.

In the lounge of the hotel is a bookstall, stocked with periodicals and novels — my own, I was gratified to see, among them. One whole section of the bookstall is devoted to the sale of English and American technical journals — but technical journals of a single, rather special kind. Journals of gynecology, of obstetrics, of sexual psychology, of venereal disease. Rows of them and dozens of copies of each. The hotel lounge is not specially frequented by doctors; it is the general public which buys these journals. Strange, strange phenomenon! Perhaps it is one of the effects of the climate.

From its island body, Bombay radiates long tentacles of suburban squalor into the land. Mills and huge grey tenements, low huts among the palm trees, flank the outgoing roads for miles, and the roads themselves are thronged with the coming and going of innumerable passengers. Driving out of Bombay along one of these populous highways, I felt, but more acutely, that amazement which often overwhelms me when I pass through the sordid fringes of some European city — amazement at my own safety and comfort, at the security of my privileges, at the unthinking and almost resentful acceptance by millions of my less fortunate fellow beings of my claim to be educated, leisured, comparatively wealthy. That I and my privileged fellows should be tolerated by our own people seems to me strange enough. But that our pretensions, which are still higher in India than in Europe, should be allowed by these innumerable dark skinned strangers, over whom we rule, strikes me as being still more extraordinary.

We are accepted much as paper money is accepted, because there is a general belief that we are worth something. Our value is not intrinsic, but borrowed from the opinion of the world. We live and rule on credit and are respected, not because we are really formidable, but because there exists a convention that we should be respected. The less fortunate majority is carefully educated in this useful opinion.

Our paper currency has begun to lose its conventional value in Europe. We still continue to offer ourselves (often with a certain diffidence) as five pound notes; but the more skeptical of our "inferiors" refuse to regard us as anything more precious than waste paper. When the same thing begins to happen in India, when the credit on which the white man has been living and ruling for so long is withdrawn, what then? Without any violence, merely by quietly refusing to accept the white man at his own valuation, merely by declining to have anything to do with him, the Indian can reduce British rule to impotence. Non-cooperation has failed, up till now, owing to inefficiency of organization and a lack of public spirit on the part of the Indians. But efficient organization and public spirit are the products of a special education. When the masses have received that education, when the paper money of European prestige is discredited and individual Europeans are boycotted and left suspended in a kind of social and economic vacuum, the Indians will be able to get whatever they ask for. (The mere disappearance of all Indian servants would be almost

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enough in itself to bring the white man to terms.) Faced with the prospect of having to empty his own slops, a Viceroy would begin to listen with an increased sympathy to Swarajist demands. Whether the Indians will succeed any better than the English in the task of governing India, is another question. Swaraj may prove a blessing, or it may turn out to be a catastrophe. But in any case it will be obtained whenever a sufficient number of India's three hundred and twenty millions make up their minds systematically to ask for it; the thing is obvious. They have only to be consistently incredulous of the white man's pretensions, they have only to ignore his almost invisible presence among their multitudes; that is all.

In the meantime, however, our credit holds, at any rate among the masses. The educated Indian may doubt whether our five pound notes are worth more than an equal area snipped out of the "Daily Mail"; but his uneducated brother still accepts us at our face value. Thin legged pedestrians salute me as I pass. Through the squalor of suburban Bombay, I carry my privileges of comfort, culture, and wealth in perfect safety. They are still secure, more or less, even in the suburbs of an English manufacturing town. For how long? Rolling along between the palm trees, I wonder.

It has been our good fortune, while in Bombay, to meet Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the newly elected president of the All-India Congress and a woman who combines intellectual power with charm, sweetness with courageous strength, a wide culture with originality, and earnestness with humor in a way almost unique in my experience of human beings. If all Indian politicians are like Mrs. Naidu, then the country is fortunate indeed.

At a tea party in her rooms, a young Mohammedan of Arab descent recited some verses in Urdu by the modern Panjabi poet, Ekbal. The subject was Sicily (and "Sicily", alas, was the only word in the poem which I could understand). The poet, we were told, had been inspired to write while passing through the Straits of Messina on his return from a European voyage, and his poem was in the nature of a lament — a Mohammedan's indignant lament that the island which had once belonged to the Mussulmans should now be in the hands of infidels. I did not say so at the time, but I must confess that the idea of Sicily as a Mohammedan country cruelly ravished from its rightful owners, the Arabs, struck me as rather shocking. For us good Europeans, Sicily is Greek, is Latin, is Christian, is Italian. The Arab occupation is an interlude, an irrelevance. True, the Arabs in Sicily were the best sort of civilized Arabs. But it is hard for us to regard them as anything but trespassers on that classical ground. And now I was being expected to look upon Theocritus's island — just as the Italians before the war looked on the Trentino and other fragments of *Italia irredenta* — as a piece of "unredeemed Araby". It was asking too much. For the first moment, I felt quite indignant—just as indignant, no doubt, as the poet had felt at the sight of those once Mohammedan shores now polluted by the Christians. In the traveler's life these little lessons in the theory of relativity are daily events.

The words of the poem were incomprehensible to me. But at least I was able to appreciate the way in which it was recited, or rather chanted — for the stanzas were set to an almost regular recurrent melody in the minor key. Each verse began with a stirring

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phrase that rose, like the call of a trumpet, from the dominant to the tonic and, at the next strong beat, to the minor third. After that, the melody mournfully wandered; there were suspended notes and long shakes on a single vowel. It was thus, I felt sure, as I listened, it was thus that the Greek choruses must have been recited — to a chant kept well within the limits of a single octave, a chant (to our ears, at least) somewhat monotonous, sung without strain, more in a speaking voice than in what we should regard as a singing voice. And in the suspended notes, in the shakes and warblings over a single long drawn syllable, I seemed to recognize that distinguishing feature of the Euripidean chorus which Aristophanes derides and parodies in "The Frogs".

This evening a congratulatory address was presented to Mr. Patel, the new speaker of the Legislative Assembly, by the members of his community, an agricultural subcaste of Gujarat. Other members of the community have broken through the traditionary trammels — the hall was full of men who have left the ancestral plow for work in the city — but none has previously risen to a position so exalted as that attained by Mr. Patel. "From Plowboy to President" was the phrase — Indian journalists, like their colleagues across the sea, have a weakness for phrases — in which the newspapers summed up Mr. Patel's career.

We accompanied Mrs. Naidu to the function and, as her guests, found ourselves sitting in places of honor on the platform. The hall was crowded. The heat, though the sun had set, was prodigious. (It is one of the peculiarities of the Bombay climate that the temperature rises, or at any rate seems to rise, during the first hours of the night.) In the garden, outside, a band was playing the fox trots of two or three seasons ago.

The program of the function had been carefully worked out. A chorus of children was to sing during the period of waiting before Mr. Patel entered. Somebody was to recite a congratulatory poem when he had taken his seat. Then there were to be speeches, with Mr. Patel's reply and the presentation of the address in its silver casket to finish off the proceedings. A perfect program, on paper; but in practice, as it turned out, not quite so good as it might have been. For the band played and the audience talked all through the children's singing; indeed, it was only quite by chance, because I happened to notice that they were opening and shutting their mouths in an unnatural, fishlike sort of way, that I came to know that they were singing at all. And when the reciter began intoning his congratulatory poem, the indefatigable band struck up the tune of "Why did you kiss that girl?", piercingly. The poem was lost. Then the speechmaking began. The band was silenced at last. But by this time some few thousands of Bombay's innumerable population of crows had settled in the trees outside the hall and were discussing the question, as gregarious birds will do at sunset, of retiring for the night. Their cawing was portentous. Never in Europe have I heard anything like it. I was sitting on the platform within a few feet of the speakers; but their voices were quite inaudible, even to me. It was only some half an hour later, when the crows had dropped off to sleep, that any word can have reached the audience. After that the proceedings went off smoothly and with only a little hitch or two about the reading of the address and the presentation

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of the casket to mar the solemnity of the occasion.

I was reminded very much of analogous functions in Italy. There is no word of which Italian journalists are fonder than the word *solenne*. Every ceremony of which you read an account in an Italian newspaper is solemn — solemn foundation stone layings, solemn depositings of wreaths on tombs, solemn celebrations of centenaries, solemn royal entrances and exits. In the papers, as I say, all these things are solemn. In practice, however, they are rarely anything but slipshod, haphazard, and, to northern eyes at any rate, ineffective and unimpressive. The good Catholic who comes to Rome in the hope of seeing noble and soul stirring religious ceremonies, generally returns disappointed to his own country. The fact is that they order these things better in France, in England, in Belgium, in Germany — in any northern land. We northerners stagemanage our effects more professionally than do the people of the south. We take pains to impress ourselves; and at the same time we give the ceremony which we have staged every chance of seeming impressive to us by deliberately throwing ourselves into a serious state of mind and consistently keeping our seriousness till the function is over. The southerner declines to take trouble over the details of stage management and will not be bothered to hold one mental attitude for a long time at a stretch. To us, in consequence, he seems disgracefully slipshod, cynical, and irreverent.

But we must not be overhasty in our judgments. The southerner has his own traditions about these matters and they happen to be different from ours. In this respect, I should guess, his habits of thought and feeling are nearer to the Oriental's than to ours. Let us try to understand before we condemn.

We call the southerner slipshod because he tolerates shabbiness among his grandeurs and permits his solemnities to be marred by a ludicrous inefficiency. But he could retort by calling us crassly unimaginative because we are incapable of seeing the fine intention through the inadequate medium of its expression, of appreciating the noble general effect in spite of the shabbiness of the details. For in matters of art, he would argue (and a religious ceremony, a civic or political function, are forms of art, being only solemn ballets and symbolical charades), it is the intention and the general effect that count. Those little struts and flying buttresses of marble, with which the Greeks strengthened their statues, are absurd, if you choose to consider them closely. But they are meant to be ignored. Structurally, a sham façade is ludicrous; the southerner knows it of course, just as well as Mr. Ruskin. But, more wise than Ruskin, he does not fly into a passion of moral indignation over the falsehood of it; he permits himself to enjoy the genuine grandiosity of its appearance when seen from the right angle. In church, the priest may gabble, as though he were trying to break a world's record, the acolytes may pick their noses, the choir boys sing out of tune, the vergers spit; we northerners are revolted, but the wisely indulgent southerner passes over these trivial details and enjoys the fine general effect of the ecclesiastical ballet in spite of its little blemishes. But if he enjoys it, the northerner now asks, why doesn't he at least sit still, refrain from laughing chatter, look and, looking, make himself feel, consistently serious? To which the other will

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retort by deriding the northerner's slowness and inelasticity of mind, his pomposity, his incapacity for frankly feeling two emotions at once, or at any rate in very rapid succession. "I can see ludicrous and shabby details just as clearly as you do", he will say, "and, like you, I deplore them. But I keep my sense of proportion and do not permit mere details to interfere with my appreciation of the general effect. You have a talent for high seriousness; but I can smile and feel solemn within the same minute. In church I pray fervently at one moment, I am transported by the beauty of the ceremonial (in spite of the shoddy details), and the next I make eyes at the young woman across the aisle or talk to my neighbor about the price of rubber shares. Operatic airs, I know, are stagy and conventional and I deride the ludicrously strutting tenor who sings them; but at the same time I rapturously applaud his bawling and abandon myself, even while I mock, to the throaty passion of the music. Your mind is clumsier, more stiffly starched than mine. You can only be one thing at a time and you regard as shocking the nimble emotional antics of those more fortunately endowed than yourself, or more reasonably brought up. For my part, I can only pity you for your limitations."

The speeches, all but that of Mrs. Naidu, who gave us English eloquence, were in Gujarati and for me, therefore, no better than gibberish. I amused myself by listening for the occasional English words with which the incomprehensibility was powdered. "Gibber gibber gibber Bombay Presidency"; it was thus that I should have reported a typical speech of the evening. "Gibber gibber committee gibber gibber gibber minority report gibber gibber Government of India gibber gibber gibber George Washington gibber Edmund Burke gibber gibber gibber Currency Commission gibber gibber gibber gibber. . . ." It was thus, I reflected, that our Saxon fathers borrowed from the invaders' speech the words for which they could find no equivalent in their own debased, post-Conquest English. . . .

The function came to an end. Festooned with flowers — for there had been a generous distribution of garlands by which even we, albeit quite undeserving, had profited — we followed our hostess into the garden. There, under palm trees, we drank a kind of richly perfumed soda water, we ate strange dumplings stuffed with a mincemeat that was at once sweet and violently peppery — chopped mutton mixed with a vitriolic jam — and tried to take the burning taste of them away with little cakes and sandwiches, slabs of almond icing and fried savories. At the other side of the garden, safely removed from possible contamination, the orthodox refreshed themselves with special foods prepared by cooks of guaranteed good family. White bearded and most majestically robed, Mr. Patel moved among the guests, looking like a minor, even a major, prophet — but a prophet, as we saw when he sat down at our table, with a most reassuringly humorous twinkle in his eyes.

It was nearly nine when we got back to the hotel. Coming up from dinner, an hour later, we found our room magically perfumed by the tuberoses and champaks of our garlands. That night, and all next day, till they were quite withered, the flowers poured out their scent, and the wind driven down on us by the electric fan revolving in the ceiling was a warm air impregnated with strange and tropical sweetness.

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THE GOLDEN COCK

Translated from the Russian of Pushkin

By Ida Zeitlin and Theodore Nadejen

With Sketches by Theodore Nadejen

LONG ago, before the days of thy great grandsire or of his, the illustrious Tsar Dadon ruled his kingdom and guarded it against the invasions of his enemy. And if any dared oppose him he girt his shining sword about him and went forth into battle and fell upon him with so great a slaughter that none remained alive save only one, whom the Tsar spared that he might return to his country and bear with him the tale of the prowess of Dadon. So that all the neighboring rulers trembled at his name and all the princes and boyars acclaimed him and bowed down before him. And whatever affront he chose to put upon them they must suffer it in silence.

But the years came and withered his arm and dulled his eye. His head grew heavy with the weight of his power and his shoulders drooped under their burden. Fain was he to abandon the rigors of warfare for ease and soft living, but his vigilant foes, biding their hour in the day of his strength, saw now that the day of his weakness was upon him. Straightway they assembled their armies and harried him upon all his borders, laying waste his lands and plundering his people and spreading desolation in their wake. And Dadon scourged his weary limbs to the attack and multiplied his legions until their number was so great that none remained to till the soil or keep the vineyards, and a famine was over all the land.

And still he knew not how he should prevail over his adversary. For though his soldiers fought bravely and bravely perished, Dadon was confounded by the hordes of his enemy as a weary steed by the blows of a savage rider. Did he ride southward, swift couriers hastened to him with the tidings that an armed force approached from the west. Did he turn westward, a flourish of trumpets sounded the alarum in the east. And Dadon knew neither joy in the morning nor peace by night.

Wherefore he sent his criers up and down throughout the kingdom to proclaim to all that whoso should find a way to bring destruction upon the enemy of Dadon the Tsar, upon him would Dadon heap honors and a mountain of golden rubles.

A day and a night passed, and a second day and a night, and on the evening of the third day an ancient sorcerer passed through the city and came before the throne of the Tsar. Black was his raiment and white his beard as the breast of a swan. His face was withered as a dry leaf and his eyes burned like coals in the grey ashes of a fire. In his right hand he bore a black bag, from whose depths he drew forth a golden cock and proffered it to Dadon, saying:

"Majesty, thy word hath traveled

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even to that dusty corner of the earth wherein thy servant plies his poor arts. Behold this golden cock which I have fashioned for thy need. Faithful is he and vigilant and bold. Let him be set upon a pinnacle atop the loftiest dome of thy palace and thou shalt have need of no other sentinel. For while thy foes lie harmless within their strongholds he will rest motionless upon his height. But let the wind bear to him over the mountains the lightest breath of their approach, be it from the deserts of the west or from the southern seas or from the perfumed bazaars of the Orient, and my golden cock will ruffle his plumage, raise his crest, and, turning in the direction whence danger threatens, cry 'Kiri-ku-ku' in tones so sweet and shrill that they must reach thine ears, O Majesty, though thou wert buried beneath the snows of fifty winters."

Dadon took up the golden cock into his hand and laughed with pleasure in him, saying:

"O sage and savior of my kingdom, thou who hast served a prince shalt have a prince's guerdon. A mountain of gold shall be thine and a river of silver. And whatsoever thy desire may be, either now or in the fulness of time, it shall be as my own desire and naught shall stay its fulfilment. This pledge do I pledge thee."

"As for gold and silver, Sire, what need have I of these who am content with black bread for my hunger and clear water for my thirst! And as for my desires, they are not as the desires of other men. Yet who can say what lies hidden in the stars? It may be that one day I shall return to redeem thy pledge." So saying, the sorcerer bowed his head thrice to the ground, turned and left the palace and was seen no more.

The Tsar ordered that the golden cock be set upon a pinnacle atop the loftiest dome of his golden palace. And while his enemies lay harmless within their strongholds, the little cock slumbered upon his height. But with the first stirrings of strife, however distant and however secret, he awoke, ruffled his golden plumage, raised his golden crest, and, turning in the direction whence danger threatened, cried: "Kiri-ku-ku! Kiri-ku-ku! Guard thy kingdom as I guard thy peace! Kiri-ku-koooo!" in tones so sweet and shrill that, whether he waked or slept, whether he walked in his garden or galloped afar in the chase, Dadon heard and led his legions against the enemy and mowed them down and scattered them to the four winds, so that his glory was proclaimed anew and none dared cross swords with him.

Thus did the golden cock keep watch over the kingdom of Dadon, and he arose in the morning with a quiet heart and with an untroubled spirit laid him down at nightfall. And peace dwelt upon his borders.

Thus passed three joyful years, and as the fourth year dawned Dadon lay one night in tranquil slumber. And it seemed to him that a faint far cry disturbed his rest, but so sweetly did he sleep that he gave it no heed and did but sigh a piteous sigh and draw the purple coverlet closer about his head. Of a sudden a tumult arose in the city streets and drew nigh the palace walls and grew in volume and in fury. And the Tsar awoke and cried:

"Who dares to disturb the slumber of Dadon the Tsar!"

And the voice of the commander of his army called to him:

"Thou, O Tsar, father and defender of thy people, awake! Disaster is upon us. Awake, O Tsar, and look to thy kingdom!"

"Get ye back to your beds, ye foolish

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ones", cried Dadon, "and be at peace! Know ye not that the golden cock sleeps and no harm can come nigh ye."

"The golden cock wakes, Sire, and cries to the west and thy people clamor to thee for protection."

Dadon looked from the window to where the golden cock kept watch on his lofty pinnacle. And he saw that the bird beat his wings in a very frenzy and turned ever toward the west. And even as he gazed, the cock raised his golden crest and cried: "Kiri-ku-ku! Kiri-ku-ku! Guard thy kingdom on the west! Kiri-ku-kooo!"

Thereupon the Tsar donned his royal crown and took his royal sceptre and went forth from the palace. He commanded that an army be assembled at whose head he placed his elder son, known through the length and breadth of the land as Igor the Valiant. Him he kissed upon either cheek and bade godspeed, saying: "For the head of mine enemy half my kingdom."

And Igor the Valiant answered: "Thine enemy is mine, O Sire and Tsar", and mounted his steel-grey steed and rode away to the west. And his troops rode behind him. The golden cock grew silent upon his pinnacle, the Tsar's people returned to their homes, and Dadon laid him down upon his royal couch and fell into tranquil slumber.

Thus passed eight days, and Dadon awaited tidings of the battle and of his son Igor. But though he gazed from his window until his eyes grew dim, no heralds approached from the west nor could he learn aught of what had befallen.

And suddenly the golden cock on his pinnacle awoke, ruffled his plumage, raised his crest and cried: "Kiri-ku-ku! Kiri-ku-ku! Guard thy kingdom on the west! Kiri-ku-kooo!"

And again a murmur arose among

the dwellers in the city and the murmur grew to a roar, and again they surrounded the palace of Dadon and prayed to him for protection.

Thereupon the Tsar commanded that a second army be assembled, outnumbering the army of Igor the Valiant by a thousand legions, and at its head he placed his younger son, known far and wide as Oleg the Beautiful. Him he kissed upon either cheek and bade godspeed, saying: "For the head of mine enemy half my kingdom."

And Oleg the Beautiful answered: "Thine enemy is mine, O Sire and Tsar", and mounted his milk-white steed and rode away to the west. And his troops rode behind him. The golden cock grew silent upon his pin-

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nacle and the people returned to their homes, and Dadon slept.

Thus passed eight days, and Dadon watched the western sky for the first sight of the couriers of his son Oleg. But though he watched till his lids grew weary, there came neither courier nor any word from those who had gone forth to do battle with the Tsar's enemies.

And the heart of Dadon grew heavy with dread, and the people of Dadon crept away into hidden places, and when they went forth they went in terror. And suddenly the golden cock on his pinnacle awoke, ruffled his plumage, raised his crest and cried: "Kiri-ku-ku! Kiri-ku-ku! Guard thy kingdom on the west! Kiri-ku-kooo!"

Now the Tsar commanded a third army to be assembled, outnumbering the armies of Igor the Valiant and of Oleg the Beautiful by countless legions, and himself he placed at its head. He girt his shining sword about him and mounted his night-black steed and rode away to the west. And his troops rode behind him, and grey care rode by his side.

Onward they journeyed toward the setting sun, and the night fell and the dawn broke, and a second night and a second dawn, and still they rode without let or pause. And though they scanned earth and sky to north and to south of them, they saw neither the pitched tents of their friends nor the burial mounds of their enemies nor any bloodscarred battlefields.

"Surely this is an omen," thought Dadon, "but whether of good or evil who is there can tell me!"

Onward they journeyed through the dawn and the noon and the night. The soldiers slept in their saddles and their horses stumbled for weariness. Seven days they journeyed and seven nights, and on the evening of the eighth day they came within sight of the purple hills and through a cleft in the hills they beheld a silken tent; and Dadon said: "It is the tent of mine enemy." And over hills and valley a deep silence lay.

And so they approached the cleft. Before it lay the body of one who had ridden with Igor the Valiant, and a great wound gaped in his side. Close by lay the body of one who had followed Oleg the Beautiful, and his head was struck from his shoulders. And Dadon looked about him and saw naught but the lifeless bodies of his soldiers stretched out upon every hand, but his sons he saw not.

Then he drew his sword from its sheath and rode toward the silken tent of his enemy. But his steed trembled and would bear him no farther. And in the distance he beheld the steeds of his two sons and they galloped to and fro in their madness. But his sons he saw not.

Then he alighted and went on foot toward the silken tent and before its portal he paused. For there he saw his sons, their shields cast from them, and the naked blade of each was buried in the heart of the other.

And the Tsar flung himself upon the earth and rent his garments and lifted his voice in a loud lament, crying: "Woe, woe is me! Both my bright falcons snared in an evil net. Your death is mine, my sons, that should have lived to mourn for me!"

And all the hosts of his army wept with him so that the very depths of the valleys trembled and the heart of the mountains was shaken with their cries.

Suddenly the portal of the tent was raised, and a maiden stepped forth whose beauty was as the beauty of the young dawn and of the radiant sun and of the shining stars. And when the Tsar beheld her he was as one bereft of the power of movement, and his heart

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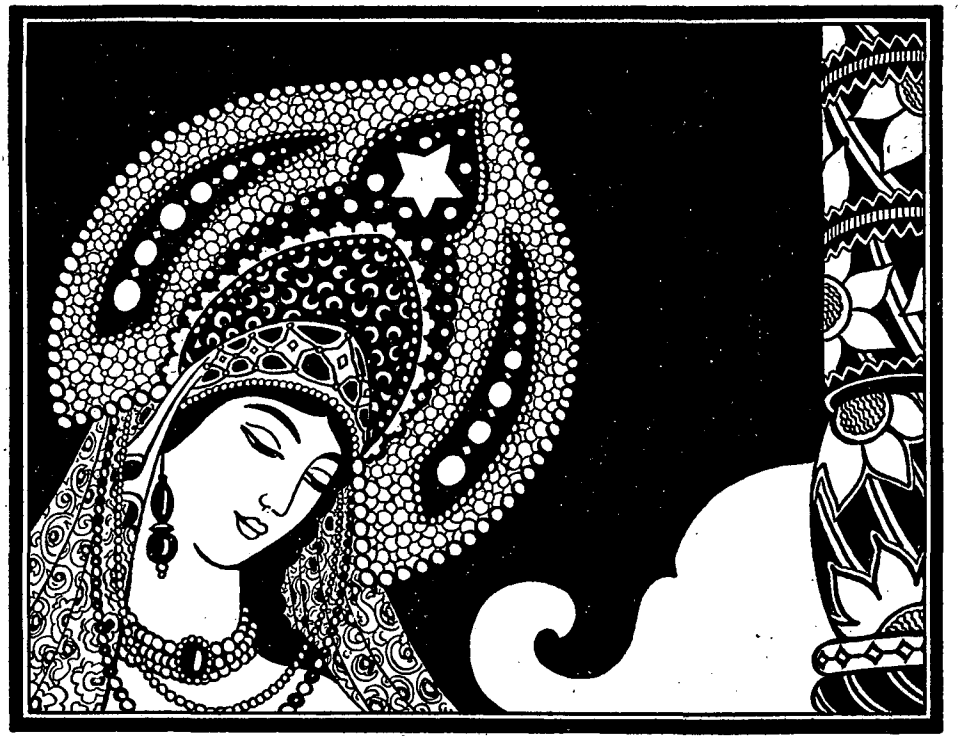

grew quiet as a night bird at the break of day. She smiled upon him and he straightway forgot whence he had come or wherefore, and the memory of his two sons was strange to him. For this was she whose beauty blinded the sight of men and ravished their hearts so that all dear and familiar things grew alien. And none could withstand the potency of her spell.

She bowed her head before him and took his hand into her white hand and led him into her tent. She placed him before a table, laden with rare foods and crimson wines, and ministered unto him. And he looked into her eyes and said:

"The tent of mine enemy have I sought and found the tent of my beloved."

And she smiled but spake no word, and anointed his limbs with fragrant oils and laid him to rest upon a couch of swansdown and covered him with a coverlet of cloth of gold. And she sat beside him and played sweet music on a golden lute, and Dadon slumbered.

For eight days he dwelt with her in her tent, and ate and drank bountifully and slept softly, and knew not weariness nor regret. But on the evening of the eighth day he commanded that a chariot be brought, drawn by four stallions, and he said to the maiden: "Now shalt thou come with me to my golden palace which is eight days' journey from this place, and dwell with me there in love and joy as I have dwelt with thee in thy silken tent." And she stepped into the chariot and Dadon sat beside her, and her white hand lay in his as a bird in its nest.

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In this wise did they journey, and came at length within half a verst of the city gates. And the people of Dadon came forth to meet them with shouting and revel. For the tidings of what had befallen had gone before them, and the people rejoiced that the golden cock slept on his pinnacle and that their Tsar who had ridden forth in peril had returned in safety, and with him a Tsarevna who was the most beautiful in all the kingdoms of the earth.

And the heart of Dadon grew big with pride and he bowed to this side and to that and doffed his plumed hat, returning the greetings of his people, and the maiden smiled upon them.

Suddenly the throng parted and the ancient sorcerer appeared before the chariot of the Tsar. Black was his raiment and white his beard as the breast of a swan. His face was withered as a dry leaf and his eyes burned like coals in the grey ashes of a fire.

And the Tsar greeted him, crying: "Health to thee, venerable father! And to the golden cock life without end! Peace hath he brought to my kingdom and to mine arms my beloved."

The sorcerer bowed his head three times to the ground and answered: "Well for me, Majesty, that he hath found grace in thy sight. For I am come to redeem thy pledge. For the service of the golden cock thou didst swear that my desire should be as thy desire and naught should stay its fulfilment."

"It is the word of the Tsar."

"Give me then the maiden for my bride."

Then Dadon arose from his place, and his eyes flashed flame and his voice rolled like thunder behind the hills. And upon all the shouting multitude a deep silence fell.

"Thou fool and knave! What madness is this! What fiend of darkness hath seized upon thee to turn thy wisdom to folly and thine honor to shame!"

"It is thy word, Sire."

"Yet have all things their measure, and the maid is not for thee."

"So is the Tsar forsworn."

"And were he twenty times forsworn thou shouldst not have her. Gold is thine for the asking, more than ten men can carry — the rarest of wines from the royal store — the swiftest stallion from the stables of the Tsar — rank and honor and broad lands will I give thee even unto the half of my kingdom, and thou shalt be second to none save the Tsar alone."

"My desire is for neither land nor riches, nor for honors nor swift steeds nor rare wines. My desire is for the maid. Do thou according to thy word and yield me up the maid."

Then did the Tsar's wrath wax exceeding great and he spat upon the garment of the ancient man and cried:

"Begone from out my sight lest harm befall thee."

But the sorcerer would not, and Dadon cried: "Let him be taken away."

And two soldiers stepped forward, but when they would have seized upon him to bear him from the sight of the Tsar, their arms fell powerless to their sides.

And once again the sorcerer cried: "Thy word, Sire —" But the folly of him that would dispute with a monarch is greater than any other folly. For Dadon raised aloft his golden sceptre and smote the ancient man upon the brow, and he fell upon the ground and his black garments covered him and his spirit left his body.

Then did the Tsar's people avert their eyes one from the other, for their spirits were troubled as by a foreboding of evil. And the heart of Dadon was

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heavy with the weight of his sin. But the maiden who knew not good nor evil parted her red lips and laughed long and merrily, and Dadon, listening, was comforted. So they journeyed into the city and the body of the ancient sorcerer lay by the wayside.

And as they neared the palace gates there sounded a sudden whirring as of the beat of light wings, and in the sight of all the multitude the golden cock left his pinnacle, flew swiftly down, and lit upon the head of Dadon. And every eye was fixed on him but no hand was raised to succor him, for all were bound as by the power of some wicked enchantment.

Then the golden cock drove his beak once through the head of Dadon and cried: "Kiri-ku-ku! Kiri-ku-ku! Evil on thy head as thou hast dealt evil! Kiri-ku-koooo!" and spread his golden wings and flew away beyond the knowledge and the sight of men.

But Dadon fell to the ground, groaned once and died.

And as for the maiden, she vanished like a dream that is done.

The dreamer awakes,
The shadow goes by,
The cock is a myth,
The tale is a lie.
Yet ponder it well,
Good maiden, good youth,
Though the tale be a lie,
Its teaching is truth.

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THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR

By Thomas Burke

PART III

MR. ARTHUR NEGRETTI led a life of simplicity and self denial near to that of a Trappist monk. He ate little, drank nothing but lemonade or dry ginger or tea, and took few pleasures of any kind beyond a football match and playing ragtime on the piano. He had neither vice nor viciousness. He was neat in his person, grave in his manner, and unusually sensitive to swearing, profanity, and obscene expressions. The one blemish in his otherwise rare character was that he failed as a citizen. He had not the herd instinct or the public spirit. He broke laws not from any moral twist but from a considered contempt for the present state of things. He was quite willing to be a citizen and to work and pay his way, and would have been content with the meagre reward of his daily living and that little bit over which inspires all work. For men do not work for the necessaries of life. You may offer a man all the food he wants and two suits of clothes and a comfortable lodging, and you will get some sort of work out of him; but not the work that arises from zest and desire. Men work only for their luxuries. They work for the little bit extra: for something to put in the bank, for tobacco, for an evening hour in the tavern, for back gardens, for prize dahlias, for pigeons, for chicken runs, for something to look forward to and come home to. But the country wouldn't give Mr. Negretti a chance at this rank-and-file respectability.

As a youth he had been trained for it, and in 1914 was well on the way to becoming a factor of Industrial Efficiency, though an imperfect factor, for he had blood in his body, and something that a priest would have called a soul. He had worked under enlightened employers who valued the machinery of his body, and gave serious expression to their concern to keep it well oiled. They gave him a Sports Club and ground. They gave him a clean bright workshop. They gave him a swimming bath. They found that an afternoon interval for a smoke precluded a certain lassitude in the working hours; so they gave him an afternoon interval. They gave him a gramophone for workshop music, and a canteen. They gave him a welfare inspector, a doctor, a dentist. They weighed him and put him through tests of blood pressure to see how far they could strain him without impairing his industrial value. They tried to measure and analyze his emotions before and after work. They hired professors to "explore" his psychology and his "reactions", and published volumes of statistics about his ergs. He stood for Potential Output; and if one day he had died they could have ordered another like him over the telephone.

All these tokens of good will he accepted gratefully, but when the industrial system called upon him to react to war, he got a little out of gear. He did something outside the schedule

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to which they had held him in youth; he disconcerted all their theories and conclusions by beginning to think. Even they, who had a formula for every phrase and fluctuation of their "hands", had no formula for this, and they very sensibly ruled him out of their calculations. In 1919 he learned that they didn't want him back. Nobody wanted him back. It seemed that he ought not to have come back at all.

For many months he made one of that Band of Hope and Fear, whose branches meet every morning. It has no parade, no agenda, no speeches, no zeal for the cause. It displays neither badge nor banner, and there is nothing warlike or dramatic in its meetings. It is fighting, certainly, but each member fights for himself and silently; and the fight is for nothing noble or altruistic: only for the chance to earn a living and the little bit over. Through no fault of their own they have slipped. They are down, but they are not yet out; and the struggle is squalid, and the strugglers seem conscious of its squalor. A man drowning in a torrent or in a sea commands prompt rescuers if any are present; his situation is dramatic; but these are like men drowning in six inches of water. Punctually every morning they meet at the public libraries, the labor exchanges, and the newspaper offices; and although they make no outward acknowledgment of brotherhood, they have one common object which they approach with a hope that fears to hope — the "Situations Vacant" column of the newspapers or the list of "Men Wanted" at the Labor Exchanges. There they gather in dogged anxiety. Occasionally a word passes from one to the other — news of a three weeks' job at Finchley or Edmonton or Lambeth — and there is a concerted move. Failing that, they go down the columns, forefinger guiding eye. In the smelly silence of the public library, broken only by heavy breathing or a cough, they stand in a group, peering over one another's shoulders. Their eyes hold a strained look that expresses nothing. They stand in morose attitudes, with dejected shoulders, and talk in little grunts; and always fear is eating at them; the fear that this will go on until abilities perish, and they become incapable of real work, and there is nothing left but that last horror of the poor — the workhouse, where there is no work, no hope and no fear.

After three months Mr. Negretti saw that that was no game for him, and having got into the dangerous habit of untrained thinking, he came to a decision. He decided that he would ask no more favors; he would take; and he set himself without fuss, and without joining any group or movement, to compel the world to give him a living and a little bit over, in return for the hard work that he was ready to do. He set himself to play a lone hand in the economic struggle, and so far, by the autumn of 1919, he had played it well, without a mistake. He did work hard. Had he wanted a lazy life, he might have found it in many approved occupations, such as screeving, organ playing, match selling, griddling. But he wanted to work for his living, and he did. There were vague suspicions about this work; conjectures, probabilities; everything but tangible evidence. In certain quarters they went so far, in considering a report of a case and its details, as to say — "Looks like a Negretti job." But they could go no further. Mr. Arthur Negretti left no cards when paying calls.

He lived entirely for his work. He had found work that suited his taste

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and his temperament, and all that he denied himself of common indulgences was amply covered by the stimulant of his work. It was to him like the cello to Scollard, and he went to a new piece of business as the schoolboy goes to the ponds on a hot day. He had no illusions about it. He knew that, tomorrow or later, there would be a turnup. By the statistics of the business it was certain that at some time luck would round upon him or he would make a slip; and then . . . But for the present he went lightly on his way, skimming here and there, and living intensely. His conscience was fastidious; there were many things that he wouldn't do: they were Wrong; but motor cars and contents of warehouses were outside the catalogue. He regarded them as other people regard umbrellas and boxes of matches, and would have been deeply offended had he been called a Wrong 'Un.

He went on foot from Mrs. Greenspan's loft to his four room home at Harman Street, Hoxton. There he took off his coat and changed his boots for a pair of ragged slippers. Having shaken his feet into these, he went to a pink vase on the kitchen mantelshelf, and took from it a little red notebook. A certain business acquaintance of his at Walthamstow had spoken of an immediate client for a good Renault. He ran his finger down the index to R, and examined his notes. Renaults. . . . There was a Renault that stood in Southampton Row every evening from half past six to eight o'clock. There was a Renault that was regularly parked at one o'clock in Dean Street. There was a Renault parked in Haymarket every morning about ten o'clock; and Renaults in Northumberland Avenue, Norfolk Street, Oxenden Street, Berkeley Street, Edgware Road, and Shaftesbury Avenue. He carefully visualized these quarters, the state of their traffic at different hours, and the surrounding streets; and decided that tomorrow morning he would collect in Oxenden Street. That looked like being an easy fifty.

He returned the notebook to its vase, and looked round the room. He saw the "News of the World" lying on the floor. He picked it up, opened it at the song of the week, and, humming, took it to the front room. He opened the cottage piano, propped the sheet before him, and for the next half hour practised its melancholy plantation air, and was agreeably disposed to the world.

At midday the main road section of Islington High Street is in the full tide of its morning life, and its light shops, its restaurants, teashops, taverns, and tobacconists, which maintain the spirit of the Borough's past, when it was famous for cakes and syllabubs and springs, are washed by a steady surf of shoppers, and its roads by strong currents of traffic. Enterprise and zest and endeavor are in the air. Affairs are driven by prosperous winds. But neither wind nor surf reaches its opposite end, and the little shops of its backwater receive only faint ripples from the wash. Upper Street claims all. It claims the shoppers, it claims the travelers, it claims the sights and the events, it claims the Green, and it claims the children loosed from school.

At twelve o'clock one Monday morning Connie Giltspur was in the thick of it, shaking short ginger curls to the keen March sunshine, and swaying with body and hands to a rhythm that beat away the stiff angles of duty. She had a busy and well regulated day. Her first business was with breakfast. Then with washing up and seeing to the beds. Then with taking a black

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bundle of Mrs. Greenspan's finished work down Pentonville to the tailor at King's Cross, and bringing back fresh work. Then school. Then home to set the dinner, eat it, and wash up. In the afternoon, back to school, and home again to setting tea, washing up after tea, and sweeping and cleaning the loft for the next day. Then supper, washing up, and bed.

But this morning she was loitering and earning for herself something that was often presented at bedtime or just before bedtime. In the wide space in front of Collin's Music Hall a crowd had gathered around a noise of drums and a flutter of colored costume; and from every side street the children were answering the call of the Pied Piper and impeding the Upper Street pavement. Connie answered it, and by that answer was led away for years into following his illusive magic.

This northern territory and the poorer suburbs east and south are the country of the Pied Piper. Other districts are so garnished with things that lend grace to life that they can do without his foolish and distracting discords, and they hang out monitorial signs — Organs and Street Cries Prohibited. In those districts he is neither seen nor heard. He knows by instinct those who love him, and plays for them only. The children of the sleek districts are bound fast against the allure of his random music, and their ears can never respond to, nor their feet follow, the raggedy man. If once they could hear, they might envy the other children for whom he plays. These others have need of him, as Connie had. They know the ugliness of the world. They know hunger and toil and complaining tongues. Their daily life is a daily spur, pressing them to pursue any makeshift beauty wherever it flies or wanders. They have a natural appetite for it, and their appetite guides them round many corners. Let the Piper appear in a bystreet, empty of all life; before he has sounded some four or five bars his occult quality will draw them to him. Windows will go up, and from alley and tenement and basement, out of the earth and round the corners, the children will come and gather about him, and follow him to his next pitch.

Always he leads them round the corner, away from their cramped rooms and crowded alleys and half lit streets, into unknown country across the road; until, on turning back, they find themselves lost in dreadful places, full of dark doorways and forbidding people; and come at last to the policeman who breaks the spell and leads them back to the familiar and the understandable. Wherever there are mean streets, there goes the Piper to lighten them, and to lead their children away on forgetful feet. He appears in many shapes and disguises. Sometimes he works with the common street organ. Sometimes he plays the fantastic kazoo, or makes music from a pair of tablespoons. Sometimes he is a tumbler or a juggler, bringing the fifteenth century into the streets of the twentieth. Sometimes he is a trio. Sometimes he is the Salvation Army or other dervish. Sometimes he wears skirts and a flaxen wig and a painted face, and gives dances of no known character or nationality. Sometimes he becomes Caledonian, and sets forth from his back bedroom in Dalston or Camberwell with kilts, swords, and the true pipes. Sometimes he blacks his face, and puts on insane hats and collars, and assumes the negroid character with savage decorations about his person. But whether he sings of Tennessee, or dances the reel, or works the pea-and-thimble, or plays the musical glasses,

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always he is the troubadour, romantic by tradition and cunning for the children's pennies. . . .

The four performers at Islington Green were talking now, in the intervals of their work. There was a horse-drawn cart, and in it a piano, and at the piano a young man wearing a pierrot costume of red, white, and blue. Below him, grouped round the cart, were three other young men in shabby lounge suits, decorated with war medals and ribbons. One was at the harp, one carried a banjo which he was using as a collecting box, and the third was seated on a camp stool before a trap drummer's outfit. The man at the piano nodded toward the crowd, and looked down to the trap drummer.

"'Member old Negretti? Curly Negretti? . . . He's over there. See him? He's a Lad. Eh?" He whistled and jerked his head back. There was a movement in the crowd and Negretti came through. He grinned at them. Two of them returned the grin. He looked round their display.

"H'm. Morning, sergeant. . . . How's this proposition work out?"

The man at the piano flicked an eye at the crowd, and answered him with his face; with a "face" that might have expressed twenty subtle shades of meaning, but which, to a soldier, expressed but one.

Negretti murmured to the trap drummer: "Better'n Passchendaele?"

The trap drummer also used his face, and added, "Thumbs!" Then: "What you doing?" He looked at Mr. Negretti's neat suit and wing collar and grey tie and soft hat, as though finding half an answer in them.

"Sales agency. Cars."

"Sounds cushy."

"Ah."

"Where living?"

"Over Hoxton."

"We got billets down King's Cross. Wicklow Street. Come an' have the little odd spot some evening. Usually call at 'The Man in the Moon' about nine. Got to work now."

"Righto."

They picked up their instruments, and Negretti stood and watched them. Their appearance at Islington was fortuitous; but to certain people of the High Street it was the cause of disturbances whose reactions are felt to this day. On the side of the circle opposite to Negretti, Connie was staring idiotically, and marking the music with little movements, when a rude boy came pushing through to the front, and hit her leg with something. She looked down to see what had hit her and saw a violin case. When the music stopped, she looked up at its owner and again at the case. She stared at him. The boy stared back, and was about to express ruffled dignity with "Who you staring at?" when he recognized the green frock and the ginger curls. They held their stares. They were thinking, "This is the boy that plays at 'The Sun in Splendour'", and "This is the kid that comes to listen to our concerts." It was one of those difficult occasions where people know each other by long passing and repassing, but have never met. Now they were jammed shoulder to shoulder, and the band was silent, and their glances had crossed. It seemed to each of them that something ought to be said.

The woman took the matter in hand. "What's *that?*" with a nod of the head. "Wasn't half heavy on my leg."

He did not apologize. "Oh — violin case."

"Oh . . ." She looked at it again, as at a curiosity. Then inconsequently: "I know you. You live over the 'Sun'. You play, don't you?"

"Ur."

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"I've heard you. Sunday afternoons."

"Oh . . . Yes. I seen you before. Outside."

"'M. I come to listen sometimes."

"Ur. Like music?"

"'M-m-m-m."

"Oh."

They looked away from each other. Connie was not interested in Christopher; she was interested only in the Sunday afternoon music which he represented. Christopher was not interested in this rather ragged and ungainly girl, but it was apparent that she admired him as a musician. It was a new experience, and he was prepared to enjoy it, but he must not betray enjoyment; he must handle it fittingly. He had heard his father say rambling things about making oneself cheap. He looked straight before him and addressed the band.

"Don't think much of this. Their rhythm's all right, but there's no tone."

She answered this foreign language with a lying nod of complete understanding. "'M. But I like listening. There ain't much to listen to. It ain't like *your* music."

"No?"

"No."

"Well, what you listening to this for? This ain't music. You don't want to listen to this."

He felt that he was handling it very well. Connie was so accustomed to obeying commands that she was about to turn away and stop listening to "this" when an idea came to her. "I — I — I — I —"

"Eh?"

"I — I — I — I'd like —"

"What you say?"

"I'd like t 'ear you play some time. Hear you prop'ly."

"What you mean? Hear me prop'ly?"

"Well, I mean . . . I mean hear you prop'ly. I heard you outside."

"Eh? Oh . . ." He took her meaning, and wondered whether this was a case where a musician should put presumption in its place or a case where he might gratify enthusiasm. "I — er — don't play in public. Not yet, that is."

"No?"

"No." Had he destroyed admiration or crushed interest?

"I'd like t 'ear you, though. Prop-'ly."

"Oh . . ." He pretended to inspect the trap drummer's arrangements. "I might —"

"Eh?"

"I might ask my father. I don't know. . . . He might let you come up, perhaps. That is, if . . ." He threw the violin case carelessly from one hand to the other and crossed his feet. "I daresay he might. Depends . . . Shall I ask him?"

"Ooooh . . . D'you think he would?"

He had another look at her, and wondered. This ragged kid . . . but fairly goggling at him; admiring him. He felt suddenly that he would like to have even this kid listening to him; he would like to have somebody of his own age to play to, particularly somebody who was obviously ready to admire. It would be a change from his mother who said that his playing was Very Nice, and never listened to it; and from his father and his friends who listened and found fault with his time.

He said, "I'll see about it. Where can I see you to tell you, though?"

"Oo! I'll be outside next Sunday. Four o'clock. If you think he would . . ."

Far away — six years away — fortune and popularity were waiting for

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these two. Possibly they saw it, as most growing children do, as a vague Dick Whittington dream which would never come true. To most it doesn't come true. To a very few it comes as they saw it. To others to whom it does come, it comes in unrecognizable shape. These two were in the third class. They had vague hopes of what they wanted to achieve. As they grew up, these hopes took clearer shape, though still indefinite; and what they wanted was granted them. But they forgot that fortune must have minute specifications. They used for their desires the careless phrasing of youth, and fortune filled their wishes literally, and left them bitter and disappointed. From this moment of meeting at the Ex-Soldier's Al Fresco Band, they were to move in duet to their exasperating success, each helping the other a step forward.

The band started work again and Chris turned to go. But passage was difficult. He turned upon the waistcoat of Arthur Negretti. Negretti tapped Connie on the shoulder. "Get into trouble, young lady, you will. Old girl's looking for you. . . ." He glanced at Christopher. "Young man from 'Sun in Splendour', ain't you? Huh! Thought I knew you."

Connie struck his leg. "Uncle!"

"Well?"

"He says perhaps his father'd let me go and hear them play. Hear them prop'ly."

"Oh? Like that, wouldn't you? Know what your dear aunt said when I spoke about it, though? Eh?"

"I — I — I — want to go."

"I know." He turned to Christopher. "Think it could be managed? Know your father slightly. I'm a sort of uncle of the kiddie."

"I'm going to ask him."

"Good. I had half an idea of asking him, as the kiddie's so keen on it. Just to annoy the old girl, like. You go, kiddie, if you get the chance, and I'll see to her. Look — there she is. Come through here. I got my car over the way — don't want to lose sight of it. There's someone nosing it."

He pushed them through the crowd, pointing. On the opposite pavement, at the window of a ham-and-beef shop, stood an erect black figure. Church ladies said of her that one thing they liked about her was her heartiness. She did so enjoy her food, it was a treat to take her anything. She was not looking at the window: she was ogling it. She was ogling brown roast fowls and crimson glazed tongues and ruddy oblongs of pressed beef; mottled brawns and briskets, galantines in aspic; frilled and glossy hams; the gnarled brown of roast pork, the delicate brown of sausage rolls, the vermilion of smoked salmon; serrated pork pies and veal-and-ham pies; Bath chaps and potted meats and cheese; sauces and meat jellies; small sausages prickled with bread crumbs and great Bologna salmis. She was flirting with their colors and their odors; tasting them in her mouth. She saw them on her table in the loft, and burned for them. If ever she were tempted to do wrong — to cheat or steal or commit the many meannesses that people commit for money — she knew that temptation at windows like this. But she, too, was fastidious. She would wheedle and placate church ladies for what they had to give, but, hot as her longing was, she could not cheat or steal; and the temptation glanced from her. Only, in turning away, she thought viciously of Arthur Negretti, who could buy her half that window if he chose; and who didn't choose.

As she turned away, she saw him.

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She saw him on the farther side of the High Street, with three youngsters about him, all centred on a car; and among the youngsters her precious, her lamb. She made a noise of *T-zeeee*, directed equally at Negretti and at Connie, and crossed diagonally, away from them, so that she might reach home first and catch Connie in default.

When Negretti and the boy and girl reached the car, they found a youth bending over it and peering into it. He straightened sharply as they drew near, and was slouching away when he saw Chris, and said "Oh!" and Chris said "Huh!" and turning to Negretti said: "My brother."

Negretti said "So?" and tapped Connie on the shoulder. "You better run home, kiddie. Else . . ." He jerked his thumb. She followed the jerk, and saw Mrs. Greenspan's back; but her mind was far away from its significance, and her eyes were turned to an alluring prospect of music. She went lingeringly, looking back at Chris, and it was some minutes before she faded into Camden Passage. Negretti looked after her. "I believe that kid's fair mad about music. Don't know why."

"I know", said Chris. "She's come outside our place lots of Sundays."

"Ah? So I believe. Poor kid. Every time she's caught she gets a basting."

"A what?"

"A basting. A hiding."

"Who from?" Chris was suddenly imperative and indignant. The child was his audience; and now that she had spoken to him, he was conscious of rights in her, and was mildly annoyed to realize that others had rights in her, and disgusted to learn that shames and indignities were put upon one who admired him. "Who from?"

"That aunt of hers. That old woman. *That.*" He waved a cigarette toward Camden Passage. "See if you can fix it with your Dad, old chap. Dunno what makes her mad on music. But . . . Well, she wouldn't be in the way. And she's quiet as a mouse."

"But wouldn't her aunt . . ." Decency stopped him from completing the sentence.

"Oh, she's got used to that, now, I reckon. Expects it."

Eric, seeing that his brother was with the owner of the car, had continued his inspection. He now inspected the owner, and found him, apparently, as interesting as the car. He growled at him: "This your car?"

"Huh!" It was true. It had been properly bought from the factory and properly paid for, and it was registered in his own name. Eric went deeper into it. Negretti grinned at the unconscious liberty, and allowed him to pry. He lounged against the car, flicking cigarette ash about, with the air of having the whole day to waste. His sharp eyed nonchalance suggested the plain clothes man on duty.

"Four wheel brakes?"

"Ah."

"Six cylinder?"

"Ah."

"What horse power?"

"Umpteen."

"What can she do?"

"She's got a racing engine, boy. I've knocked seventy five out of her before now."

Eric gave the owner another long inspection, and returned to the car. He looked at it as at a treasure; as Mrs. Greenspan looked at food, as Connie looked at "The Sun in Splendour", as his father looked at the cello. "She looks posh."

"She is. Get her on the straight, and all out. How'd you like to run her? D'you drive?"

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Eric's folded face was suddenly clear. "No, I don't drive, but . . . I — I'm interested in cars, like. You say you got her up to seventy five?"

"Ah. I got one or two special gadgets fixed, as well."

Two books were lying on the seat. One was "The Conquest of Bread"; the other, "Erewhon". Their heads met over the wheel. "How'd you like a run in her — eh?"

Eric's eyes closed, expressing the ineffable.

"Well, if you fix that for the kid — one good turn . . . eh? I'll take you both for a run."

Chris showed polite interest and no more. He was thinking immediately of his dinner and at a distance of the kid who was beaten for coming to listen to their music. He moved a few paces toward "The Sun in Splendour". Eric had the appearance of wanting to talk to Negretti while unable to find things to say. He could only stand and stare at the elegant figure and the elegant car. He had seen this chap about Islington, and in the bottom of his dark mind had felt vaguely that this was the sort of fellow he'd like to be: alert, easy, upright, smartly dressed, not bad looking, knowing his way about, and yet quite young. Chris called to him: "Come on, Eric. It's gone one." Negretti nodded to them. "By-by. Let the kid in on Sunday if you can."

They went slowly away, Chris leading by four or five paces. Opposite the "Sun", he waited for Eric. Eric came up with him, and stared at the front of the house. He seemed in no hurry for his dinner. "Wish," he said, inconsequently, "wish we had some other home."

"Why?"

"Why? Well . . . That place. Place like that. Public house. It's — it's — low. It's a dirty business. Vulgar and — er — low people all round you. It — it *smells*."

"I know. Still — can't be helped."

"People look down on you."

"They don't."

"They do!"

"Nothing to do with us. What's it matter? We can't help it. We ain't always going to live there, are we?"

"Don't see any chance of anything else."

"Well, I'm not."

"Yes, but . . . You got your music. You got a chance. Wish Dad'd sell up and go and live somewhere else. I'm sick of this hole. Rotten street. Rotten business. Look at 'em — the sort of people in that business. Fat. Noisy. Flashy. Thick headed. Cheap." Clearly "The Sun in Splendour" weighed on his soul. Chris had similar feelings about it; he saw the social "lowness" of it and the vulgarity; but it had never worried him.

"Well, 'snothing to do with us. We're not in it."

"We are. It's all round us. 'Tain't like a shop or any other business. It's — oh, I dunno . . . You read a bit and you'll see how people look at it."

"Let 'em. If you feel that way why don't you try to do something? Go out and . . . you know . . . Dad's always trying to think o' something for you. He's told me."

"Why don't he tell me? Always talks to you. Hardly ever to me."

"Well, you always choke him off. You won't let him. He wants to, I know. Wants to see you cheer up a bit and take an interest and . . . you know."

"Lot there is to take an interest in here, ain't there? Pub!"

"He didn't mean that way. He was saying something about Australia the other day."

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Eric kicked the curb. "Oh? . . . Oh? . . . Been discussing me between you . . ." This seemed to arouse resentment and perversity. "I never asked him for no Australia. I don't want his Australia."

"Well, what do yeh want, then?"

"Oh, *I* dunno . . ." The voice held exasperation,, dismay, yearning, and the challenge of the modern temperament to the things that are. "I want to get out of all this. Want to make friends. . . . Not the sort you get round here. Want to do things. That chap we was talking to . . . I seen him about a good bit. Not like the rest round here. He's — you know — sort of big. Clever, too, I'll bet. Looks clean, and . . ."

"What's his name? What's he do?"

"I dunno. But a feller like that . . ." The note of adolescent worship crept into the voice.

"Well, come on. It's quarter past."

They crossed the road. Eric looked up at "The Sun in Splendour". "Rotten hole!" He turned suddenly. "Half a mo. Want to ask that chap something."

"All right. I'm going in."

Eric turned back and came slowly and a little sheepishly to Negretti, who was standing over the car, staring about him. For some minutes they talked.

Eric did not appear for dinner, and all that afternoon a young man and a youth were careering at forty to fifty miles an hour through the lanes of Middlesex and over the Hertfordshire hills, talking earnestly.

But what they talked about nobody knew. Only, when he did come home, at about half past seven, there was a perceptible brightness about him. His slouch was less marked. His step was lighter. It was as though clouds had been lifted, and the sun, long hidden, was sending out its first rays. He had found a friend.

(To be continued.)

THE MAN WHO LOVED KATYDIDS

By Gordon Lawrence

MY horses are grasshoppers, with unblinking eyes,
Corsletted in their stiff harness,
Making a clatter in flying.
And my cows are crickets, with rotund black bellies
And an itch to be calving.
But my watchdog is a katydid, the most preposterous,
Green as verdigris and veined like the rose leaf,
Clamoring prophecy against the frost,
Stabbing night with his tumultuous falsetto.

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MY FAVORITE FICTION CHARACTER

By Sidney Howard

Sketched by Bertrand Zadig

AS far as mortal eye can discover, the charming young girl is the Deity's masterpiece. Natasha Rostova, before she went to her first ball, washed and perfumed and powdered her feet, hands, arms, neck and ears. Then her dress had to be tacked up to danceable shortness. Then her father had to be dissuaded from kissing her because she looked as she did for fear he would rumple her dress. Napoleon, all too wilfully, was playing ducks and drakes, then, with the peoples and nations of Europe as they stood in his way. Natasha, all unwitting, was destined to play ducks and drakes with the best and the worst of the men who came her way. She had only one thought at the ball: "Isn't anyone coming to dance with me? Won't any of these men notice me? They must know how I'm longing to dance and how splendidly I dance and how they would enjoy dancing with me!" They did dance with her and she broke their hearts for them. She danced so, sang so, laughed so, was so lovely, had such a genius for changing her imperious young mind so unaccountably and so naughtily. Andrei and Anatol and Pierre — victims all to the grace and joy and life and youth of her. And to her dear, dear naughtiness. Andrei said: "The whole world is divided for me into two portions: the one is where she is and there all happiness and hope and light are found; the other is where she is not and there everything is gloom and darkness." In the end, with her transgressions behind her, it was Pierre she married and Pierre's son that she bore. She was not humbled, though, because she had never been proud. Since the charming young girl is manifestly the Deity's fairest work, who but the most charming of all young girls should be the fairest work of fiction?

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Natasha Rostova

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MY FAVORITE FICTION CHARACTER

By Stephen Vincent Benét

Sketched by Bertrand Zadig

HEROES and idols are birds of a different feather. If one could crack a bottle of Anjou with the Three Musketeers — or come jingling down for Christmas to Mr. Wardle's. But there an uneasy sense of my own incapacities overwhelms me. Porthos would have on his company manners for a stranger and Aramis look a little askance as soon as he discovered one's lack of quarterings, while the Comte de la Fère's exquisitely handsome features would take on the perturbed expression of one who unexpectedly finds a fly in his wine. And the hearty practical fun of Manor Farm might seem a little too hearty and practical after a while for a constitution degenerately modern. Watson, on the other hand — one cannot imagine feeling gauche or ill at ease in Watson's presence — the very thought of him is as stodgy and comfortable as a morris chair. Surely there is no other character in fiction with so ineffable a capacity for surprise or so restfully limited a vocabulary for its expression. "Marvelous, my dear Holmes, marvelous!" the hearty voice booms out for the thousandth time, with as fresh an accent of wonder as a child's. If he had a tail he would wag it incessantly — there is something very canine about him somehow; it is easy to see him transformed, a solemn, ponderous St. Bernard, galumphing after Holmes with portentously stately bounds. As far as professional skill goes, one cannot rank him with the leaders, I fear — his practice was too subject to continual interruption. But his bedside manner must have been ideal. I would rather die some pleasantly fictional death with Watson in attendance than recover under the aseptic hands of a modern practitioner. And then, of course, there are the tales still locked in his little black bag. Holmes discusses only bees, now, and Conan Doyle has forgotten — but I am sure that if you got Watson alone in a corner, you could wring from him a few, at least, of the superb, unwritten adventures to which his creator has so tantalizingly alluded only in passing — the repulsive story of the red leech and the terrible death of Crosby the banker — the Addleton tragedy — the incident of Wilson, the notorious canary trainer, whose arrest removed a plague spot from the East End of London.

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Dr. Watson

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LEGEND OF ADVENTURE

By Alan Rinehart

IT was only thirteen years ago that Louis Becke died, in a chair, in Sydney, Australia. Few persons know that, and few care; yet that man had already become a legend, in less time than most authors require to become known, and a legend will he remain along with certain others. That is sure. Most men write literature of one paltry sort or another; flimsy stuff; but Becke wrote in fiction the record of a quarter of the world, and his tales are all that remains of the lives of millions. Twenty years before his death he was digging ditches and clearing land for Australian farmers, and had probably never written a line; for the twenty years before that, before he nailed his box to the floor on the civilized side of the continent, he was lost to knowledge among the islands; and before that he was a child. He lived fifty eight years, wrote more than thirty books of stories, wore carelessly a reputation which included slave ships and whisky, and left behind him at his death a wife and a daughter who confess their inability to help with the story of his life. He went to sea on his own at sixteen, at an age when most of us were having our tonsils out; and so far as history can recall, never stood in the rigging, pointed up wind, to dream of becoming a writer. Yet he must have dreamed. Here I sniff tragedy, for he loved pirates, and he learned to pity them. And so, at an age when most of us were learning manners, Becke became a man.

The documents before me are scanty and undated. One is a letter from Becke to his publisher, Mr. Unwin in London. Two others are from Australians who knew him and his work in the later years. They make all together a paragraph or two of biography, a line of literature, and a map of the world. Life is haphazard, the sea is gay, and Becke steered by the moon. I thought at first, it is hopeless to try to write of him; but the chances which molded him were the great events which found their way into his books, and I believe that there we have the man. Yet all this lies in scraps and shreds, rumors and the legend, a legend of adventure and a photograph of a tired old man. He looks weary in the picture, or infinitely patient. His hands are square and heavy, he is set, settled in his bones, his skin is too large for him, as if it had lost its elasticity while he labored, his forehead is tight, his cheeks are flat and bristly, and one arm is slumped across the crown of his straw. His beard is grey and his mustache dark; he looks away from the camera and down, as if the present were of no interest and the future a succession of warm days, a matter of insects buzzing in the sun; at least that is the way I see him, and I make no apology. He is my hero for a while, a very great man to me always; so that I shall always be sorry to have missed him on account of a bad throat and an old malaria. He died, you know, when I was dreaming of becoming a writer.

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Six of his books are here. One of them I had read long ago before I could remember names of authors, and it has still the same thrill. Other valuable things came back to me with the story. I am older now, and less wise about books; I noticed that the story was true and that all Becke's ships had really sailed the sea. I saw he knew the formula for romance, and that it was danger of death or contentment or separation. I found he had little imagination, for he had never needed any in those waters. Men lived and men died; their lives were shocking with gin and native women and brutality, yet no excuses are made for them; their deaths were swift or slow but fitting; their loves were no more true than ours, and gayer. Storms blew the islands away, and the seas turned upside down. Only one thing remained, and remains still in the lagoons with the sharks. Becke wrote of it in my letter:

". . . and while I don't suppose I shall ever take up my old vocation as a trade again, I have the *mal de l'Océanie* pretty bad still, and mean to go back some day with my little daughter. She says that 'living in Samoa and paddling about in a canoe is better for you than sitting up late and writing books'. However, while her opinion has great weight with me I hope to write some more books yet — down there."

"He traveled and adventured so utterly alone", says another of my letters. One can only speculate on what he saw. I have no doubt that finally he grew corns on his soul. No man could have imagined this scene on a little anchored ship at night:

"Tom, my lad, I may die before morning. Are you afraid to stay?"
"No, Captain Ryder."
"Ah, you saw your poor father and mother. . . . I forgot that. Tom, my lad, keep the lamp high. . . . "

It is small wonder that he told his wife and daughter only a vague story of his travels.

II

Lord Pembroke writes an introduction to "By Reef and Palm":

"Born at Port Macquarrie in Australia, where his father was clerk of petty sessions, he was seized at fourteen with an intense longing to go to sea." That is stupid. For ten years before that he explored among the pools and lagoons of that rocky coast, or lay on his stomach on the bluffs watching the everlasting wash of the wavelets inside the reef. He knew the Islands were out there whence the swell rolled, and that their beaches were white even in the dark. "It was impossible to keep Louis Becke at home", writes old Pembroke. So they shipped the poor boy off to California, with a brother two years older, to work in an importing house. They were a hundred and thirty days in the barque; so the brother, very quietly, makes his lonely exit from my story to a ranch, and disappears. Louis, taking fever from his inoculation, went back to sea as a clerk in a trader. It was not long before he was a partner in a venture among the Carolines.

"In a few weeks they were among the Marshall Islands, and the captain went mad from delirium tremens. . . . They got him right at last and stood to the westward." Pembroke is better in this vein. But he can supply only two pages to cover twenty years, and he forgets how men in the north can dream of the warm ocean. Becke dreamed so, in his later years when he knew he could never go back to the Islands. He worked to obtain money to start again, and was clearing scrub

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when he was persuaded to write his experiences; and when he had got started, found he was well content to stay at home and dream. A germ or two and many scars kept him in Sydney (and later in England) where he had a certain prestige and his favorite drink; while he knew as well as most old men (for he was running down at fifty) that the good days were no more. He took hardly to writing, he says. But how his fancy must have capered when once he got out of the tunnel of his daily routine! Back among the Islands again, the Islands whose sky was so bright now, and sea so blue. It is true one cannot recall a smell, and trouble walls itself off. He could examine his scars one by one and wish for the incident again; yet most men vomit after fighting naked savages armed with knives. Sydney was the best place for Louis Becke at fifty, and the distance from his beloved Islands has saved for the reader many a grand tale.

III

I have six volumes in the uniform set of his works. In the end I believe there are to be twelve. Two are novels, "Helen Adair" and "The Adventures of 'a Supercargo"; the others are collections of stories interspersed with sketches and an occasional article on the wild life of the Islands. Next to a story like "Lupton's Guest; A Memory of the Eastern Pacific" one may find a study of poisonous fishes. More likely, though, one comes across another pirate or a love story in Polynesian terms.

They are fascinating, and they tell the fine story of the man. Careless he is, at times, so that one is halted by an execrable sentence or a laughable construction; but these are obstacles only to the unfortunate few who read for style alone. Mostly Becke's writing is better than necessary, which means that it tells the story and permits the play of an emotion. Curious lights are cast on the personality which followed its roving gods so far. In all the tales Becke loves the natives and hates the slavers; yet in his younger days he stowed away holds full of them, according to rumor. Perhaps in his writing he goes far back in his memory, to a point before he came to accept the religion of the trader. But even then he must be dealt with as a realist, if an unwilling one. His stories must be taken as compilations of events, rather than inventions. He could not end a story (except rarely, and when it had happened so) with any other means than death or a vanishing from knowledge. It is easy to see here and there that his ship sailed too soon, so that the drama under the palms must go on forever without a curtain; and one should credit Becke for knowing that romance lies also in incompleteness. Life goes on beneath the palms, cocoanuts fall and children are born, there will be this tragedy and that happiness too small to ripple the ocean, while the mountain mist hangs low in the morning and the trade wind blows forever. Great calamity must meet a man before he sees himself too tiny to be harmed.

Yet he was vulnerable. The wound lies somewhere in his experience of the convict system, although his family were free settlers who merely happened upon Australia. He writes of the convicts sent out from England to the gangs, with a real anguish. One might imagine he had a friend or two in the Islands who were fugitives from that terrible law. He draws them as men without hope, without any humanity whatever, men who are nothing in the world but an aching belly and a grief

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that makes them kill. Ten of them would be happier if nine were hanged and one let free. They are driven to a level below suicide; and they seemed to haunt Becke in his later days. "Helen Adair" is not a great novel, but it is one of the most thrilling I have read. And this thrill, this tragedy and frustration, is another integral part of the *mal de l'Océanie* which is my tale.

The legend stands. Indeed the man became the legend of adventure before he so much as died, for he wrote of things which had for the most part passed on even then; and there is no other real record of that quarter of the world. The thing which drove him to write, however, the *mal de l'Océanie*, is there among the Islands yet, as one may go and see.

TO R. V. L.

(In Hampden Church)

By Edward Davison

IN shade and silence lain
Where earth and heaven meet,
We were the living twain,
The dead were at our feet.

And O the common thought
To think in that still place
That sooner than we sought
We might lie face to face. . . .

With reckonings uncast,
The due, the gain, the loss,
Forgetful at the last
Beneath a hasty cross.

With no white monument
To tell a little fame,
The wayfare that you went,
The letters of my name.

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LIFE THROUGH FICTION

By Charles A. Bennett

I: THE WILD DUCK

Most plays or novels worth the name do more than tell a story, portray a character: they reflect an attitude toward life, a philosophy on the part of the author. Moreover, since they present individual situations rather than "cases", they suggest that to live well is not a matter of being guided by authoritative rules whether of church or of academic precept or of tradition, but is rather a fine art. The aim of this series of articles — of which this is the first — is to take a few literary works and discuss some of the ethical issues involved. The clinical method employed is designed to bring home to readers how drama and fiction contribute to the criticism of life, in the sense of an intelligent understanding of life's problem.

Synopsis

WERLE, a wealthy manufacturer, had had an affair in his younger days with Gina, his servant maid. When he discovered that she was going to bear him a child he put her in the way of marrying Hialmar Ekdal, set him up in business as a photographer, and generally helped the young couple. That was fifteen years ago. They are now living happily together. Hialmar is devoted to the fourteen year old child Hedvig, who he thinks is his own daughter. As for Gina, she is not seriously concerned about the past nor about the deception of her husband. She has had a busy life looking after the household, she is tolerably contented, and, as she says, she has "almost forgotten those old stories".

When the play opens Gregers Werle has returned home after an absence of fifteen years. He learns about the episode of his father and Gina and conceives it to be his duty to open Hialmar's eyes to his true position. Gregers is a well meaning, ignorant, fanatical fool who thinks he has "a mission to proclaim the ideal" at all costs. In fact, he revels in the idea of bitter renunciation and spiritual drama. Hialmar is a vacillating, ineffective, and sentimental creature who would never have amounted to anything but for his devoted and competent wife. Gregers reveals the truth to Hialmar — that Hedvig is not really his daughter. Hialmar feels that he cannot go on "living a lie" and that he cannot retain his integrity unless he leaves his home. Hedvig he looks upon as "an interloper" and he even begins to doubt her love for him. The child, discovering how Hialmar thinks of her, shoots herself. At the close of the play Gregers, Hialmar, and Gina are left looking down upon the ruin of their happiness. The claims of the ideal have been satisfied.

The play is intended as an attack upon idealism. Truthfulness, candor, mutual confidence — these have an ideal, not a material, value and our traditional morality has insisted on their claims. "Ye shall know the

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truth and the truth shall make you free." "It is better to live in the real world, even though it hurts, than in a fool's paradise." Thus and thus we have been assured. Ibsen sets a question mark over against these dogmas. Morality, he seems to say, is too expensive. The truth costs too much in the way of human happiness. As one of the characters in the play puts it: "Oh, life would be quite tolerable after all, if only we could be rid of the confounded duns that keep on pestering us, in our poverty, with the claims of the ideal."

The moral problem of the play, as it presents itself, I imagine, to most readers, is this: We believe that Gregers and Hialmar, the idealists, were wrong. The deception should have been maintained as a "vital illusion" and Hialmar, Gina, and Hedvig left in peace. In this case, at any rate, where ignorance was bliss 'twas folly to be wise. Yet we are not prepared to say that these beliefs of ours are anti-idealistic or cynical. Is it possible to avoid the charge of being materialists and at the same time to offer a moral justification for the policy of silence? I think it is.

There are three lines of thought which lead to this conclusion:

(1) Gregers Werle maintains that Hialmar, Gina, and Hedvig are "living a lie". The critical question is, Is he right? From the point of view of the literal truth, Yes. But is the literal truth in this case the whole truth? Before we can answer that we have to determine what is really true about the relationships among these persons. To begin with, Hialmar and Hedvig are passionately fond of one another. Their devotion is as genuine as that of any father and daughter could be. Gina, for her part, has forgotten the past, has lived it down. She has worked hard to make a man of her husband and to make a home for the three of them. For her, the realities are the success she has made of the work and her feelings for her husband and daughter. Where is the falsehood in all this? Gina is a faithful and loyal wife. "I've only wanted to do my best for you all my days", she says to Hialmar. No one of the three is professing feelings that are not genuinely experienced. Surely no fact of past history of itself can change the meaning of the relationships among them. It is because Gina realizes this that Hialmar's outbreak at her deception of him evokes no strong sense of guilt in her. Even Hedvig, the child, perceives this. When it dawns on her that Hialmar may not be her father, she says, "I think he might love me just as well for all that. Yes, even more. We got the wild duck as a present, and I love it so dearly all the same."

Gregers and Hialmar take just the opposite point of view. Gregers, it is true, believes that a genuine family life can be built up on the new basis, "a communion founded on truth and free from falsehood of any kind", while Hialmar exclaims, "I have nothing more to do in this house. . . . My home has fallen in ruins about me." Yet, in spite of this difference, both are literalists, for they hold that the truth is determined by the literal facts of fifteen years ago and not by the realities of the present.

Which side does the finer justice to the facts of the situation? Are Gregers and Hialmar right when they say that the love, the devotion, and the happiness are a delusion, or are Gina and Hedvig right in thinking that since these are genuinely felt they are the realities by which truth has to be measured? To state the

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question is to answer it. The real liars are Gregers and Hialmar. It is their interpretation that is distorted.

If anyone should be inclined to dismiss this as a piece of sophistry I should reply that I am not indulging in special pleading but simply applying a principle perfectly familiar in judging human conduct. The principle is this: A human being cannot change the past, but he can change the meaning of the past. A man commits a crime, is caught, and serves a prison sentence. He is released, lives down his past, makes good, perhaps even becomes a stronger character because of his experience than he would have been without it. Only the literalists would drag the man's prison record up against him to prove that he was now a bad character or would deny that his subsequent career had transformed the meaning of his earlier lapse. So with the situation in the play. It is the present realities of human affection, aspiration, and good will that matter, and not the past facts; or rather, it is to these realities that one must turn in order to discover what the real "facts" are. This is what the literal minded Gregers and Hialmar ignore. They have forgotten or have never known that human beings are to be judged not less by the goal to which they are moving than by the place from which they have come. They present half, and the less important half, of the evidence as if it were the whole truth. That is why I call them liars.

(2) Granted that Hialmar was a weak and unbalanced creature who might have been expected to behave as he did, the question arises how far a man in Gregers Werle's position was justified in telling him the literal truth. The literal truth in this case turned out to be a lie. It often does. The reason is simple. It takes two to make the truth and the mind of one, as with Hialmar, may act as a distorting medium. Thus the idea as received may be quite different from the idea as it left the mind of the sender. Looked at in this light, many of the problems of truthtelling are practical problems, concerned only with the technique of communication and devoid of any strictly moral significance at all. Telling the truth is indeed a fine art; even though one may have the best of intentions, one still needs tact and skill to translate those intentions into successful action. One has always to adapt the rendering of one's meaning to the individual hearer and the particular situation. How, for example, shall parents tell a child that he is an adopted child without conveying all kinds of false impressions? How shall I tell my friend that the poem he has shown me is bad and at the same time do justice to whatever promise I discern in it? Or, to take an extreme example: A small fire breaks out in a theatre. The truth is that if the members of the audience will keep their heads and leave the theatre quietly there will be no danger. What shall the manager say to the audience? If he mentions the word "fire", that word, to a crowd in a building, will mean just one thing — "Run!" As a matter of fact, he will convey more truth by telling them that the leading actor has been suddenly taken ill than by telling them the literal facts. In any event, whether the reader agrees with this last statement or not, he will have to admit that the three examples I have given all contain difficult problems, the solution of which calls for fine perception and no little skill. Brutal frankness and the literal truth are simply the refuge of the maladroit.

This, I suppose, is why we are more

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inclined to condemn Gregers for stupidity than for downright wrongdoing. His intentions were excellent, but his clumsiness appals us.

(3) The play presents a conflict between happiness and truth. Gregers, like many so called idealists, maintains that their claims are incommensurable. He is perfectly ready to destroy any happiness that is founded on a lie. This is altogether too simple a formula for the complexities of life. To begin with, it assumes that ideal aims do not conflict. Yet they often do. If I am told something in confidence I may have to lie to an impertinent questioner in order to preserve that confidence. I am then not sacrificing truth for some unideal object: I am sacrificing it for another ideal — confidence. Merely to tell me to serve the ideal does not help me to solve my problem, for whichever course I choose I serve one ideal and do violence to another. Secondly, the formula dismisses far too lightly the claims of happiness. In trying to make up a picture of the good life and the various elements which compose it, we shall certainly have to include happiness. We should hardly say that a man who was living virtuously and was yet acutely miserable embodied our idea of a satisfying life. And if happiness is to be included in the synthesis its claims may often conflict with those of the ideal, just as ideals may conflict with one another. And sometimes we are quite sure that happiness is the more important. Suppose a soldier has been court-martialed and shot for deserting in battle, are the military authorities justified in reporting to his parents that he was "killed in action"? I think they are. If the parents are told the truth they will have the ideal satisfaction of "living in the real world" — whatever that amounts to — and, with it, hopeless mental anguish. Hopeless, because they can make no use of the truth. On the other hand they have a lie and what, by contrast, may be called happiness. This seems to me a clear case where happiness is a more important thing, ethically, than the truth. And I should use the same judgment about the problem presented by Ibsen. Given the total situation, especially the character of Hialmar, then the moral welfare of the family, above all of the child, was best promoted by silence.

On the whole I should prefer to call Gregers and Hialmar fanatics rather than idealists. An idealist tries to give consideration to *all* ideal claims, including those of happiness. The fanatic is he who selects one ideal, such as truth, and sacrifices everything to that. "The Wild Duck" does not weaken my faith in idealism: it merely confirms my suspicion of the crank and the doctrinaire.

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THREE ROUSING CHEERS!!!

The Parody Adventures of Our Youthful Heroes

VI: "AND HERE LET US SAY GOOD-BY"

OR, BEER AND LIGHT WINESBURG

By Corey Ford

With Sketches by Gluyas Williams

(Owing to the increasing popularity of the biographical method among the fall and winter lists, we have secured Mr. Thomas Beer to conclude this series with the true biography of the Rollo Boys, presenting for the first time the Suppressed Desires of our Boyhood Heroes in the manner of Mr. Sherwood Anderson.

Incidentally our Lost and Found Department desires to report that the following articles were dropped by Mr. Beer in his preparation of the ensuing chapter: the, an, a, the, the, an, the, these, the [twice], a, an, the, the, this, the. If not called for within thirty days, these missing articles will be turned over to Miss Gertrude Stein, probably in book form.—C. F.)

SUNLIGHT smashed onto drab stubble, onto twenty two men in sweaty moleskins who faced each other across brown pigskin, where goal posts were soppy with moss at either end of a field of sickening mud. Someone blew a whistle, like a poor damned fool: "Phnee-ee-eee!"; and at once brown pigskin nestled on one's chest, like a soup stain, and one must run past endless white lines, thirty, twenty, ten yards, while clutching tangled hands were hair in a drain pipe, and the opposing team lay dead ahead. Dead to the world.

"Hold 'em, Merriwell!" Green and crimson voices battered subconsciously against outraged eardrums. Victory: well? What is victory? "W-I-N-E-S-B-U-R—"

One fell, and two fell, and they all fell; and twenty two men were old potato peelings and yellow grapefruit rinds and coffee grounds in a battered can along the curb, simply boiling with flies. What was the use? one asked at the bottom of the soggy heap of men, as someone dug a cleated heel how rude into his stomach. It made things seem more positive, somehow, having someone dig a cleated heel into one's stomach. Futility is positive, gouging someone's eye in return with grimy finger nails. One would murmur: "What of it?" but someone's knee in one's mouth, like a raw potato.

"Where are the Rollo Boys?" Not that they cared particularly, the stands added hopelessly. . . .

Bernard J. Schnitzel broke his tooth on an olive pit and two weeks later his wife had a nine pound baby; and on September 28, 1876, three Rollo Boys were Tom, Dick, and Harry alighting on the mean platform where men spat yellow tobacco juice down their stringy beards, and the driver of the Merriwell Hall carryall said, bowlegged with rheumatism: "Walk this way!"

Brown eyes sparkled and hair curled as Tom Rollo had been fun loving, replying like a steel trap: "I couldn't if I tried!" while everyone must smile wanly at his clever comeback, although

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they said nothing except possibly: "Suffering God!" But that was New York for you, in those days.

Dick Rollo was saying: "We are the three Rollo Boys, and we came to

"I love the Rollo Boys. I want to do Good in the world"

Merriwell Hall in 1876. You see, now, we are still young, red blooded, 100 per cent, American, eh? We are supposed to represent healthy young America, eh? For years and years it has been so; 598 volumes." He buried his head bitterly in his hands, and bit his knuckles. "I am a man, and I want to grow up. Something inside me wants to grow up." He had grown too nervous to sit still, and now he was going about the room, absently setting fire to the rug in places. "But they will not let me grow up—all my Young Readers. We must be Rollo Boys, they say; we must play football" — he broke his leg, just to hear it snap — "we must rescue the heroine and reform the bully; it is always so; and always I want to go off somewhere on a drunk. Ah, God," he sighed, "ah, God." There was a pistol on a table across the room, but he was too tired to go after it.

"Where are the Rollo Boys?" distantly . . . Dick yawned in despair, drawing on sweaty moleskins and trotting onto the field, Tom and Harry following, as the bored students tossed their hats in the air and did not even bother to catch them again.

One mole on the side of his nose sprouted three long hairs, like the legs of a bluebottle fly; and Dr. Merriwell was yawning: "You are in nick of time. The Winesburg (Ohio) School of Realism has rolled up a score of 102 to 2 against us, and the three Rollo Boys alone can save the day!" but he was asleep. He had been asleep the last twenty minutes.

"Go in there and win, Dick," sighed Elsie Dinsmore, "for all I care!" and her eyes met his, as she sent him a dirty look; for they had been in love for 596 volumes. Her tired face was drawn, probably by Gluyas Williams; and she wore a fragrant bunch of neuroses at her belt. Now she blushed like a side of beef as Dick squeezed her hand ardently; ah, if it was only her neck. . . .

"I wonder why Merriwell Hall is losing?" mused Dick; and the Rollo Boys all put their heads together except Harry, who had never been able to put his head together because he had no bent at all for mechanics that way.

Harry Rollo whispered: "Ben Barsted has bet all his money on the opposing team. What is afoot?"

"Twelve inches", replied fun loving Tom dismally. . . .

On December 3, 1876, the cold water tap in the kitchen sink leaked all night long; and Ben Barsted was too, too tired, sighing: "My existence has been a crimson cold sore on the lips of Truth. I love the Rollo Boys.

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I love everyone. I want to do Good in the world, and Help people. But always", he sobbed, "I must be a cad and a bully; always I must bet my money on the opposing team; always I must turn over a new leaf in the end. They never know, all the Young Readers," he laughed bitterly, "they never know!" . . .

A forefinger pointed abruptly; and Tom cried "Look!" as the Rollo Boys stared where he pointed. To their amazement they noted the Merriwell Hall team grasping their trousers in either hand, while the Winesburg quarterback sped down the field unhindered.

"Ben Barsted has pulled all the cords out of their football pants!" Tom ejaculated in purple. "They're afraid to let go!"

"No wonder they have been falling behind!" cried Harry, rushing on the field with safety pins, as the Merriwell Hall team pulled themselves together with a sigh of relief. "Brace up!" he added.

"Fellow players!" and twenty two men halted in amazement as Dick addressed them from the centre of the field in a deep, impassioned voice, "I come to plead with you in the name of the Marching Spirit of the Red Blooded, 100 per cent American He-Boys, to whom we have most solemnly dedicated our Moral Purpose." And at once the Merriwell Hall team snatched off their helmets and stood with bared heads, while an old Civil War veteran presented arms and collapsed with emotion, crying: "My country right or wrong!"

"We have no use for the introspective school of thought, the morbid policy of Dismalism, the study of suppressed desires that is called Art", continued Dick, as the three Rollo Boys advanced slowly down the field behind a huge flag, dressed as the Spirit of '76, with blood stained bandages about their heads. "Nay, the citizens of this country want healthy, vigorous, two fisted CLEAN stories, strong in those patriotic principles of chivalry, courage, and honor that have placed our country where it is today!"

"Hooray for the Rollo Boys!" cried the converted Winesburg (Ohio) players, tossing their suppressed desires in the air and cheering lustily. At once they joined eagerly with the Merriwell Hallers, and as the resulting team of twenty two men ran back and forth unhindered between the two goal posts, scoring touchdown after touchdown on their former selves, the score rolled into two and three and four figures — in favor of Merriwell Hall!

Then red fire blazed, while all over the country hysterical men and women oversubscribed the Thirty eighth Liberty Loan by $7,000,000, and babies were born, and chapel bells chimed, because it was Sunday, and in Winsted, Conn., a lion lay down with a lamb and then gave birth to a pure white dove with a sprig of laurel in its bill lettered "Peace", as the hysterical students of Merriwell Hall sobbed with emotion: "Three rousing cheers!"

Flags waved madly, as cheers were given with a will, where bugle and fife were red, white, and blue against the sun's unconquered youth in the clean sky, against the stars that spelled out the slogan for the last time: "And here let us say Good-by."

Good-by.

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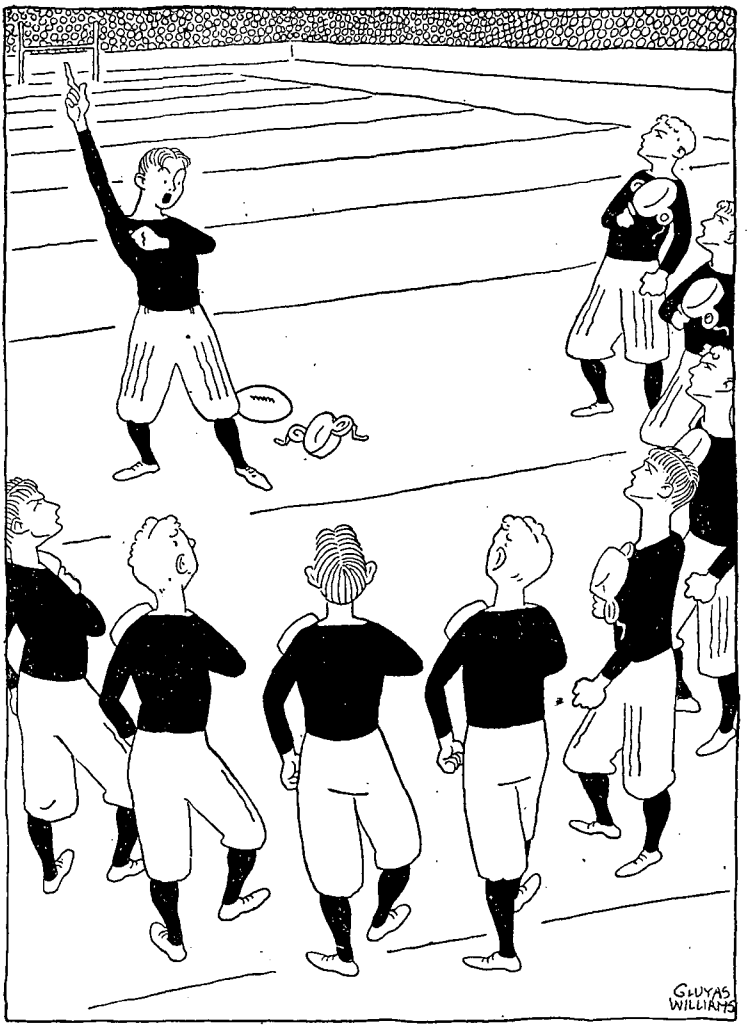

"I come to plead with you in the name of the Red Blooded 100 per cent American He-Boys"

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THE SKETCH BOOK

THE TOMLINSON LEGEND

By John Gunther

I

IN London I found "Tommy" to be a legend. He was a legend in Fleet Street, along the Thames dock roads, at the Savage Club, which is his retreat. As long ago as 1919 S. K. Ratcliffe pointed out this fact, that he was a legend; this painfully shy man, lean, cartilaginous, who escaped at odd intervals to explore Amazonian rivers and Molucca beaches and Malayan forests, and who returned to recreate these adventures in prose which has hardly been matched in our time.

First I heard of him. Yes, he had been a Fleet Street man for many, many years. Yes, he was now literary editor of the "Weekly Westminster", and an occasional contributor to other London periodicals. Yes, he had worked with Massingham to make the old "Nation" possibly the most brilliant liberal publication in the world. Yes, he had written countless forgotten columns for the London "Daily News". Yes, he had lived off and on four years in France during the war, and his war correspondence was of breathless distinction. Yes, he had roamed over much of the world.

Was he in London now? Well, that was almost an unreasonable thing to require!

Then I heard him give a talk. It was at a painful literary funeral where the Hawthornden Prize was awarded. Mr. Tomlinson sat on a platform with J. C. Squire, A. E. W. Mason, Robert Lynd, and a few other sedate notables, methodically crossing one leg and then recrossing the other, wriggling. He got up to talk after Mr. Mason had delivered an excellent, formal, orator's speech. Mr. Tomlinson was not exactly at ease. He twisted himself over the rostrum and began to talk — neither a distinguished voice nor a distinguished presence. No "personality". No "poise". But in ten seconds, with his clear burning sincerity, he had his audience more than merely attentive. When he sat down there was a silence. Then a long stirring through the crowd. Then eager, insistent applause.

Later I met him. It was at a dinner at Rebecca West's. Then again, at the Savage, and again. He is shy. His slight quizzical deafness adds charm to the shyness. An incredibly thin man, not so much wiry as leathery. All cartilage, as Miss West said. A gentle, peering voice; clear, pale blue eyes, with both surface light and depth in them, set in wrinkles against tanned cheeks. Thin blondish hair, spaced over a beautifully molded small forehead. As he himself wrote once, obviously a pure blooded London Saxon. As Mr. Ratcliffe said, no other race could have produced him — the tincture of unaggressive humor in his tremendous seriousness, his inflexible gentleness, his kind, unobtrusive charm. This is a good man. It is only after talking to him half a dozen times that one sees the welling current of irony, even of scorn, under his observations. This is a man with no space in him for anything petty or mean or wooden.

As I say, he is a legend in London. It is the kind of legend which makes friends.

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It is curious how many people just now are eager for the honor of having discovered him. At least three well known men and women of letters have told me they rightfully claim the honor. Well, he had been writing about fifteen years before they woke up. Of course, after "Tide Marks" sailed home to success, the critical acclaim became a shout, and even Clement Shorter came in, chanting praises.

II

Mr. Tomlinson is the author of three compilations of essays, "Old Junk", "London River", and "Waiting for Daylight", and of two books, both masterpieces. They are "The Sea and the Jungle" and "Tide Marks".

The bromides will not hold for Mr. Tomlinson. "'Tide Marks' is a great travel book." Nonsense: it is hardly a travel book at all, though it recounts a voyage to the Spice Islands. It is a record of a man's being. It is the description of that man, with the Spice Islands, as it happens, the background. Again: "He writes prose like a poet." Nonsense again. No poet I know, except Walter de la Mare, writes prose half so good, or poetry either, for that matter. "In 'Tide Marks' he invents a new form: half novel, half work of travel." Nonsense still again. "Tide Marks" has no form. It just is. "His prose rivals that of Conrad: it musters comparison to Conrad in Conrad's chosen field." Nonsense a fourth time. Tomlinson can write rings around the Great Pole, purely in the art of writing.

Speaking of Conrad, I am reminded that he once said of W. H. Hudson, "He writes English as the good God maketh grass: it is there: and no one knows whence or how it came." The same thing in a measure is true of Mr. Tomlinson, although he is more mannered than Hudson, more "purple". He writes, not as the grass grows, but as a lovely dahlia blooms, or an orchid, or a jungle liana. And, too, what is infinitely more important, he *feels* — feels like a violin string — and can convey that feeling vicariously to the reader.

Mr. Tomlinson was born in London — I rather fancy in its eastern section — in about 1875; I'm not sure of the date, but he has a twenty year old son, "The Boy" of "The Sea and the Jungle", and 1875 appears a safe estimate. He can hardly be much older. His first collected writing is the African sketch in "Old Junk", written in 1907 — a piece of work which points clearly to the mastery he was later to achieve — full bodied sympathy to mood, a very great descriptive power, supple, vigorous, and excessively vivid prose. "Old Junk" in America made something of a sensation and it brought about a belated appreciation of his first published book, "The Sea and the Jungle", an incomparable account of a journey 1,500 miles up the Amazon. That book, too, pointed forward. It was both the fulfilment of a promise and the promise yet again of a new fulfilment. Certainly it is a magnificent story, and it is written in mood and language as rare and lustrous as anything short of "Arabia Deserta".

"London River" and "Waiting for Daylight" are slighter books. The latter contains one war sketch, "A Raid Night", in description of a Zeppelin over Mr. Tomlinson's suburb of Croydon, of great and trenchant consideration. Here the war begins to count. And it counts, too, in "Tide Marks", though that volume, the fulfilment of the promise, ranges as far afield as Singapore and Siam.

This sketch is not the place for a detailed consideration of "Tide Marks". I should like to make one comment

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only, a comment which most observers have appeared to miss. With Saxon reticence, Mr. Tomlinson doesn't tell all his story; always he suggests rather than states, like the true artist; always the reader must himself carry on portions of the narrative. It occurred to me on second reading of the book that it is as great for the things omitted as for those included; and that it is such a crowded, abundant book, so steeped and mellowed in atmospheric juices, that the author could very well write another record of the same journey — as complete a record, with little duplication. What a novel H. M. Tomlinson is going to write some day!

III

Any reader of "The Sea and the Jungle" or "Tide Marks" must have a legitimate curiosity about certain of Mr. Tomlinson's omissions. How, for instance, did he get away from the beach of Ternate?

"I was tired of knocking about", Mr. Tomlinson told me, "and I wanted to see something of the life of those islands. I just got off the boat. I knew another one would come along — some day. One did."

And what happened to McGuire, the Irish adventurer who was turned by war to the East, and who had a better time among tigers in Borneo than with corpses in France? Mr. Tomlinson, after an expedition with him to the jungle, leaves McGuire in a very precarious situation indeed. What happened to him?

"Oh," said Mr. Tomlinson, "he got out, of course. Only fever could kill him."

And what happened to O'Brien, the adventurer in "The Sea and the Jungle"?

"O'Brien", commented his discoverer, "was hanged."

Did Mr. Tomlinson see again the Doctor in "The Sea and the Jungle", whom he left behind precipitously in Para? He did. Doctor James is one of his best friends. Was it true that he was leaving shortly for a trip to the Sargasso Sea? Heavens, no! Wait till he got home and told Mrs. Tomlinson that! Was the incredible jungle railroad in "The Sea and the Jungle" still functioning? He didn't know; probably not, though a new map of the Brazilian interior shows a red dot marking Porto Vehlo, indicating that radio has penetrated that wilderness. Still, people can put a red dot on a map anywhere. Had he met William McFee or William Beebe, in a way his kindred spirits? No: but good men, both. How did the sketches in "Old Junk" happen to be collected? Ah, that was a story! But it's a secret, and a sad one, to be told in a preface to a forthcoming new edition of the book.

Mr. Tomlinson's conversation is much like his books: careful, friendly, fluid. And he has a story or two to tell. I have not heard him talk about the war. When he does, which is rarely, his friends tell me, it is literally a chastening experience.

One thing of great interest he happened to mention. Five months after he returned from the Amazon, safe in London, he came down with fever — a very severe case.

"The doctors here wouldn't believe it", he said. "So I dumped their medicine down the sink and doctored myself."

He was willing to admit that the Amazon forests had an aspect, gloomy and terrible, which he did not see in the jungle of Malaya, and that the Indians, if not actually hostile, were seldom friendly — in contrast to the simple, open hearted, and ineffably lazy Malays.

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"Most writers of travel books who are chased by cannibals", he chuckled, "are either liars or timorous travelers. Of course, there *are* cannibals and such things — but why go after them?"

It took him two years to write "The Sea and the Jungle". It was written a little at a time, he said, often at night, in the spare moments left after busy days on Fleet Street. "Tide Marks" took a year. Perhaps it is permissible to hint that "Tide Marks" in a way was made possible by the enterprise and generosity of an American publisher.

Mr. Tomlinson was in America only once, for a few days, on his way back from the Amazon. He wants to go again. The Canadian Rockies and the Mackenzie River attract him, also the great southwest and the Canyon. Perhaps some day he may do a "Tide Marks" for our deserts and mountains.

"When I was a little fellow, a nipper, I wanted to go out with the Hudson's Bay Company", he told me. "But luckily they take only Scotchmen."

Hearing Mr. Tomlinson talk about current literature was refreshing. Of Rebecca West's "The Judge", for instance, he said:

"It was a failure but what an exhilarating failure! It's worth incomparably more than most of the work of younger novelists and of the contemporaries about whom the circulation libraries have no doubts. If she ever announces a travel book I shall show signs of nervousness."

"I think I have never met a man with less cant in his soul, or more friendly sympathy, or more intense scorn for presumptuous fools. A very simple man. But when I asked him to autograph my copy of "Tide Marks", there was a faint rueful malice in his tone when he remarked:

"I know", and he smiled, "that it's a first edition."

TELLING STORIES TO PRIMITIVES

By Elizabeth Willis DeHuff

PERHAPS the most marked feature one notes in telling tales to primitives is their innate sense of rhythm. A group of small Indian children, who understand scarcely a word of English, will sit for an hour listening joyously to English stories written in verse, even to "This is the forest primæval . . . " if emphatically scanned. Their pleasure bubbles into laughter when a song is introduced, although the words are to them meaningless. Their own stories burst into imitative songs almost without exception, and often the same strain is repeated again and again in a single chain of episodes.

The American primitive child has an advantage over the so called civilized one — if there is such — in that his elders, who tell him stories, are still children, too, in the Mother Goose stage of appreciation. These child-adults repeat age old tales and invent new ones, but they do so with an untrammeled naive view of life, introducing rhythm through repetition of phrases, coloring the stories with strange original similes, spicing them with amusing, sometimes crude, episodes; but always making the actors proceed through adventures in a straightforward manner without explanatory clauses or moral inferences. Often the story may teach a lesson, but the moral is not expressed, stressed, or summarized. The listener is left to make his own deductions and do his own moralizing.

Primitives alone have tales in which man is excluded as an actor. The Caucasian child has had to borrow from the primitive peoples of today — the Negro and the Indian — all his stories dealing solely with animals and

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their adventures. His own tales are never free from the person actor. In "The Three Bears" appears the child Goldilocks; in "Puss in Boots" there is the lad the cat serves, the king and others; in "The Three Little Pigs", which comes nearest of all to being concerned only with animals, men take part as haulers of sand, straw, and man made bricks. The animals are enjoyed as puppets upon a stage. But animals are real brothers of primitives, imbued with similar likes and dislikes and possessing the same instincts.

All Indians believe that if one places over his head a buckskin mask made in the likeness of an animal or an imagined mythical god, the spirit of the thing represented really enters and takes complete possession of his body. (We Caucasians get a taste of that feeling in masquerading.) These false heads, known as *kachinas*, are used in almost all Indian religious observances. So the Indian children, having from babyhood watched spiritual pageants depicting this transference of spirits from one body to another, readily enter wholeheartedly into tales of animal pranks and become in thought one with the actors.

As the Greeks believed in nymphs, so to the Indians there are spirits in vegetation and in inanimate objects — rocks, sticks of wood, rugs, pots, all other articles made by hand; in fact, in all things on earth; so that when a rock, a stick of burning wood, a rung of a ladder, or a pot speaks — as one often does — in a story, to the Indian child the affair is credible and natural.

Just as the white child of modern civilization is bored by explanations parenthetically introduced into a story, so is the primitive, only in greater degree. The former likes exciting adventure, clever trickery, the success of wit, and the avenging of cruelty. So does the primitive. In only two particulars do they radically differ: love themes and a desire for happy endings. What to children of our culture is romance, to the Indian child is sordid reality. Our children demand happy endings; primitives expect natural results, whether good or bad, from just causes. Hearts, to them the life giving organs, are indestructible except by fire, so that death is not a tragedy. Sometimes it is the opposite — a transference to a place of happier surroundings. They possess a subconscious, deep rooted belief in immortality.

There is a sober, serious, curious expression upon Indian countenances when they listen attentively to "Little Red Riding Hood", "The Three Bears", and parts of "Cinderella" or "The Sleeping Beauty". The first two have the greatest appeal because they conform in part to the children's own experiences. They know wolves; they know bears. When "The Sleeping Beauty" is innocently told to them, one immediately detects their lack of that particular characteristic — innocence, as the term is generally accepted. When the Prince kisses the sleeping Princess to awaken her, Indian children hang their heads or snicker, for they have no conception of romantic love, parental love being the only ennobling variety to them.

The Pueblo Indians have their own Cinderella theme devoid of the romantic love element. In it Cinderella is forced by her two Corn Maiden sisters to go out daily to herd a flock of turkeys as they range. Her clothes tear into shreds and her moccasins wear out. When the time of the greatest of the annual dance ceremonials arrives, the Turkey Girl has no proper costume to wear. Each of her appreciative turkeys drops a piece of the required

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apparel. The envious sisters see her and run after the turkeys to punish them, but the fowls fly away in groups to the four cardinal points. When the dance is over and the distressed Turkey Girl finds that her flock is gone, she leaves her sisters and enters the rock cavern leading into the underworld of good spirits. As she departs, her beautiful clothing falls off piece by piece. The pursuing sisters grab for it, but each garment turns into a different animal and runs away.

They also have a Bluebeard story, in which a cave man either casts his discarded wives over a cliff, where they turn into stone, or shuts them into a cave to be magically released later. But unlike our version of the theme, which ends with the killing of the giant Bluebeard, most of the Indian interpretations cause the false heart of their giant cave man to be removed by animal magic and a new one put into its place. The enormous physical strength exemplified in this giant is too virile an asset to lose.

The nearest approach to romance is their account of the "Beauty and the Beast" theme. But here the love-making is eliminated by a simple statement that the heroine exchanged lunch with the ugly creature — an Indian marriage proposal — and followed him to his home to live. She was the beautiful daughter of a chief, and he was a half-god half-man son of the Sun Father, forced by his grandmother to wear a hideous mask, since beauty of countenance attracts both the evil and the good. The mask was so cleverly made that it could not be detected as such. The chief's daughter was rewarded by finding her chosen mate not only handsome in his home, where he doffed his *kachina*, but rich in rings, bracelets, necklaces, baskets, pots, and skins.

OH, YES . . . WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

By Frank B. Elser

"THIS is Wilbur", said his wife. "Hello", said the man pleasantly. "Hello", said I. We sat down.

He seemed to be about thirty five. His eyes were grey, and he wore spectacles. His hair was brown. In front this was thin and wispy and stood almost straight up, like some stubborn, wind blown beach growth. As I studied him, all of him looked wind blown, even his clothes. They fitted; but somehow you felt that he did not take them seriously. This was pleasing to observe, because like his stories, it gave you by implication so much of what had gone on before. Very clearly you could see him engaged in the absurd business of shopping, vaguely addressing the clothing salesman, accepting (very likely) the first suit proffered with, "Oh, that will do"; and, at the optician's, "What *style* of glasses? Lord, I don't know! What kind should I have?"

As you talked to him you became sure of this. He might be a great writer, but he did not take himself seriously. He might be critically appraised as the master technician in America of the short story form, but he, Wilbur Daniel Steele, would say nothing whatever concerning it. Nor would he speak of literature or in terms of literature. Which would make him a very literary person indeed.

An authentic literary person, as I understand it, is one who writes of life in terms of life and, having done that, sits down and says humbly, "I thank Thee, Lord, and may it happen once again!" Wilbur Steele has been writing for sixteen years, and that, he says, is the only formula he knows.

Many of his stories are grim, but he

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himself is not grim at all. He is neither melancholy nor self centred. He reads little. When he is through with work — and four or five hours is an average day's stint — he likes to be outdoors. Accordingly, he mows his own lawn. At other times he plays golf or tennis, or sails a boat.

He has two small sons, Thurston and Peter, the latter of whom has the distinction of having been bitten by a rabbit, a jelly fish, and a small octopus, in the order named; and they all live — not the rabbit, the jelly fish, and the octopus but the Steeles — in a picturesque old house on the island of Nantucket. Here, within the sound of the sea of which he writes so well, Wilbur Steele does his work.

Unlike a great many authors, who are given to spasms of creation and, afterward, long periods of rest, he is at his desk almost every day in the year. Young writers take notice! He will sit for days, sometimes many days, "getting a story". Once a story is "got" he finishes it — carefully, methodically, one might almost say, painfully. His average output is less than six hundred words a day. This is written in longhand, in ink, in a script that would put many etchers to shame. To read it one needs a magnifying glass. At the close of each day's works he transcribes this hand written draft on the typewriter and tucks the instalment away until the story shall have been completed. He then revises and condenses the typewritten script. Finally (young writers please take notice once again) he recopies it himself and takes it to the post office like the veriest of tyros.

Born as he was in North Carolina, reared in Denver, it is curious how Wilbur Steele turned for so much of his material to the sea and the New England coast which he did not come to know until he was grown. The first story that brought him recognition — "A White Horse Winter" (Atlantic, 1912) — was a story of Cape Cod and the sea, and he has written many since. The west seems to have made little or no impression on him, which perhaps is well. Manikin cowpunchers are not to be found in anything he has done.

Although perhaps every collegiate short story course in the country uses his stories as examples of how the thing should be done, Wilbur Steele, as has been said, insists that he has no formula. Ideas come . . . from somewhere . . . and he bakes them. In a catboat off Nantucket he will pluck, from somewhere, a story of North Africa or the South Seas: see "The Shame Dance" or "The Marriage at Kirwan". In Africa, where he spent two winters, his mind will throw back to the remembered, and yet forgotten, scenes on the New England coast. He makes no notes whatever and is seldom more than one idea ahead. He works!

He is brave. He writes nothing to order, and juggles no story with an eye to the moving pictures. Each story is an adventure to be followed to its logical and ultimate conclusion.

Contrary to the opinion of many modern writers of the short story, he regards O. Henry as a first rate artist. They were born, he and O. Henry, in the same small North Carolina town of Greensboro. O. Henry must have been a small boy about the streets when the infant Steele arrived, and they never met. Steele did not learn of the coincidence until years later, when the O. Henry Memorial Award Committee was giving him a special prize for the excellence of his stories . . . .

Let me quote Edward J. O'Brien: "Almost without exception they [his stories] represent the best that is being

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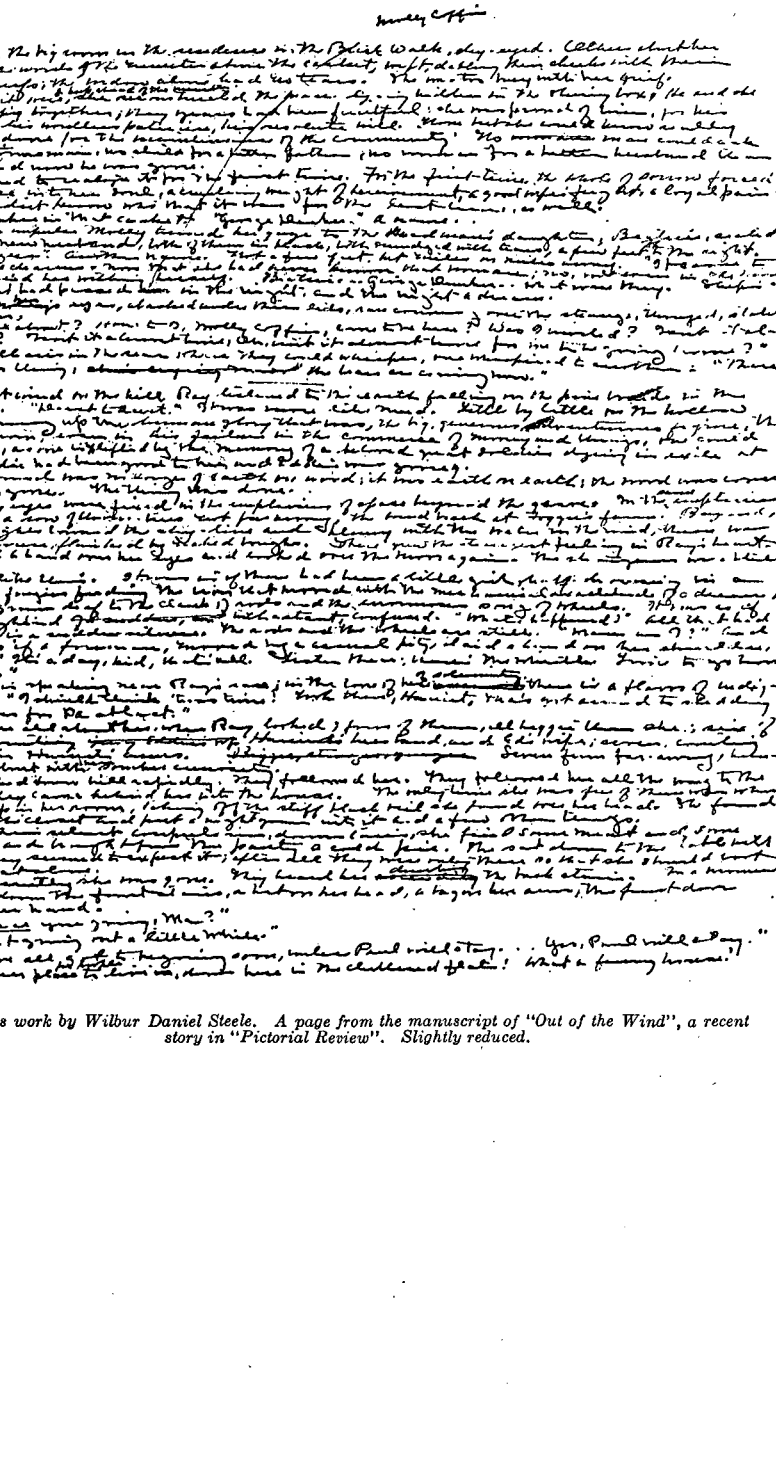

A day's work by Wilbur Daniel Steele. A page from the manuscript of "Out of the Wind", a recent story in "Pictorial Review". Slightly reduced.

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accomplished in America today by a literary artist. . . . Few writers show such economy in the use of their materials. . . . He has pursued a course of uncompromising fidelity to his literary ideals, publishing comparatively few stories, but maintaining a standard of imaginative reality which has slowly, but surely, deepened in an art which bears all signs of permanance."

THE LADY OF THE OPEN WINDOW

By Amelia Josephine Burr

THE daintiness of Japan, the proud mystery of China, the languid power of Java, had been for me parts of a vista leading to India. Just what I expected of India I do not know even now — when one can dissect a passion, it is dead — but I know with devastating clearness that my first day in India was one of the memorable disappointments of my life. Calcutta — its near-London public buildings, its smug department stores, its sun, its dust, its smells, the incredible squalor and deformities of its beggars, the intimate sickening horror of its burning-ghat which no European but the tourist ever visits —

"If this be India," said I, "let me get through the dreary business as soon as may be and go home."

But if you have been Beauty's lover all your life, it is unto you not according to your faith but according to your love. So with me. A friend had written to Cornelia Sorabji asking her to welcome me. . . .

To the reading world Cornelia Sorabji is the author of charming books, especially "Between the Twilights" and "The Purdahnashin", which open and translate to wondering Western eyes those beautiful sealed volumes that are India's women. To English civil servants, she is a valued colleague — the only woman barrister in Indian government service. To the student of evolution, she is a remarkable blend of tradition and innovation, for her father was one of the first Parsi converts to Christianity, the liberal West and the mystic East met in the home where she grew up, and she is a graduate of Oxford. To ordinary people, she is a living explanation of how Draupadi, by the beauty of her body and her spirit, held the seven Pandavas in a harmony of love and service through life and up to the feet of Brahma; also how garments and jewels that would extinguish the most radiant Westerner may hang upon the one for whom they are meant as simply and naturally as petals and pollen on a flower.

My last sight of her was when she bent from her open window to wave goodby as the carriage rattled down Chowringhee — the intense Indian stars overhead, behind her the glow of golden-shaded lamps that struck brilliant lights from the pearl and silver embroidery of the *sari* draped about her. So she stands in my memory the Lady of the Open Window — for to talk with her is to be given in a few hours visions into the World Behind the Curtain that the well meant, heavy footed blundering of unguided years could never secure.

In her work, which is akin to the court of Chancery and covers the districts of Bengal, Assam, Orissa, and Bihar, she needs man's astuteness, woman's tact, the constitution of the everlasting hills, and the sympathetic insight that is her own. During the past year, she told me, she had traveled 26,313 miles within her own jurisdiction on government service, by road

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and water — she did not enumerate the conveyances, but in the remote places to which she is called, travel implies everything from a sleeping car to a springless bullock cart, from an *ekka* to an elephant — had had 126 estates in her charge, and had "carried 622 women and children in my heart and labors". She is not merely the legal guardian and adviser of widowed ranis and baby rajas; as her own words would suggest, she is their trusted friend upon whose understanding sympathy they can rely. She is called upon to tread strange paths in this service, as a typical experience will show.

She was summoned to a remote raj by this terrifying telegram: "Come at once. The Queens are quarreling and a servant is dead in the garden." She went — a long and tiresome journey. When at last she reached her destination, the Raja met her, drowsy and yawning as a little boy of nine must be, raja or not, at half past two in the morning, but arrayed in suitable state and surrounded by his torch bearers and his guard. The belligerent Queens, his mother and his grandmother, were secluded in their own part of the palace, and Miss Sorabji postponed seeing them till she had been refreshed with what sleep she might obtain from the small remainder of the night. Her first interview in the morning was with the little Raja's mother, and a harrowing tale was laid before her. Discord between the royal ladies had run so high that the English resident — whom one infers to have been a green hand equally ignorant of the customs of the East and of international feminine psychology — had ordered the door between the apartments of the Ranis walled up. Instead of stopping the trouble, this doubled it, for the entrance of the masons broke the sacred seclusion of the *purdah*, and each queen reproached the other for causing the outrage. The disputants adjourned to the roof, where the feud continued more violently than ever and the added publicity led to a partizan warfare among the servants, with the result mentioned in the telegram. Miss Sorabji explained, extenuated, pleaded, till finally the Rani sobbed that she could forgive all the insults, all the curses that her mother-in-law had heaped upon her — *except the bone under the bed.*

"The bone under the bed?"

Yes! The Rani's tears flowed afresh, hot with indignation. Surely the Presence knew that a human thigh bone placed under a bed would ensure a speedy and agonizing death to anyone who slept there. The bone was in the shadowy recesses under the bed, for anyone to see who would stoop and look. And — this was what made the Rani implacable — the little Raja slept in that bed with his mother!

Miss Sorabji, knowing her people, did not attempt further argument or persuasion in the face of such a tragedy. She asked that the priest be called, and when he came inquired with due reverence concerning the fatal powers of the bone under the bed. Certainly, he affirmed, there was no more inexorable curse, no surer means of dealing horrible death. A cobra in the bed would be a friend's gift by comparison.

"But suppose it were not a thigh bone, would the doom be just as certain?" Miss Sorabji persisted. "Suppose it were not a human bone at all?"

The priest solemnly assured her that a bone other than human would be no curse at all, but a mere accident wholly devoid of consequences. They all peered under the bed, where the bone lurked in a provokingly obscure corner. Who was to get it out? Nobody privileged to enter the Queen's apartment was small enough except the

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little Raja. He crawled under the bed and after breathless suspense emerged with a goat's bone. Which closed that incident.

One might multiply indefinitely the gracious miracles along sanitary lines for which Miss Sorabji is responsible, but a single example must suffice. She found it a common custom in the *zenanas* that she visited to light a fire on the mother of a newly born child as a remedy for collapse. She suppressed the shocked remonstrance that would immediately and irretrievably have forfeited her their confidence, and began to seek the reason for this apparent barbarity. That is the lamp by which she walks so unerringly paths that are dark and mysterious to us — the realization that the underlying idea, among these people, is almost always true and fine, though it may have developed in uncouth and even horrible customs. Can the idea be traced and given a worthy expression, the needful reform is accomplished. So in this case. Fire is holy — this was a terribly crude attempt to bring divine strength in touch with human weakness at the hour of greatest need. She gently pointed out to them that flame is only the body of fire, heat is its soul; and the oblation would be doubly powerful if that soul were combined with the most sacred element of all, Gunga Jal. There was the Ganges water, ready and waiting, in the great pots filled every morning for the Puja Ghar . . . and there too, thenceforward, without a protest from the most superstitious grandmother or tradition bound aunt, was the hot water bottle.

India, like the immortal Ogniben, has known five and twenty leaders of revolts. Not of this type, however. It is not given to many to work in moments and think in centuries.

ANCIENT HUMOR

By Abbie Farwell Brown

WE never tire of old fantastic things
That capture us afresh. The little moon
Who drags the great tide to her over the dune,
The orchid's lovely jest, quaint fairy rings,
A lizard, — that wee dragon without wings, —
The rainbow snared in a cobweb, robin's tune,
Bright domino out of a dull cocoon,
The drollery of kittens after strings.

Nature the wag knows many a merry cue
For keeping hearts awake at the grim play.
Her whimsy does not change, but to renew
The elemental spell on simple clay,
That reached between the gates of flaming fears
To set Eve smiling through her bitter tears.

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THE LONDONER

The Strike — A Clearing House for Publishers? — "The Madras House" — More Tchekhov Productions — Music and Drink; with Variations — A Wine Dealer's Lures — A Novel by H. M. Tomlinson

LONDON, *January* 1, 1926.

AS I write, the great strike in the book trade is still in progress. I do not know how long it will last, but a number of men have returned to work. There are still a thousand men "out". Those publishers who have periodicals have been enabled to resume work upon terms agreed to by the strikers' union; but the houses which have no magazines or newspapers, in spite of the fact that they are suffering from the results of the strike, are holding out and seem determined to hold out until the end. My information is that no one of the federated publishers gives the smallest hint of unwillingness to continue the deadlock. I imagine that for most of the houses it would have been an economy to pay the men what they asked, for it must be a very long time before any of the firms can recover what has been lost and what will be lost in the way of trade before some arrangement is made. Meanwhile, the strikers are meeting at night to make merry, to throw oranges at each other, and to preserve morale. News is carefully supplied to the publishers that the men are enjoying the delights of whist drives and social evenings; and to all appearances the strike might continue forever. I do not think it will do that. I think it will probably be over by the time these words are in print. One publisher — a newspaper owner, who of course is not a member of the Federation — said the other day to me that the present minimum wage was no wage at all for a man. This is a point of view. It is a humane, and not an economic, view; and as a humane view it must be respected. Nevertheless, I regard packing as unskilled labor; and it is an irony that those who pack china and silver are already paid much less than those who pack books. Dealers in china and silver work upon a much larger margin of profit than do publishers. I am all for a substantial minimum wage, because I know what poverty is; but when I first went into the publishing trade the wage for a packer was twenty five shillings a week at the outside (indeed, in the office in which I worked men holding positions of some responsibility were being paid twenty five shillings a week), and although such wages were and are indefensible it seems to me that you must not pay for unskilled labor more than such labor is worth in the market — unless you are engaged in a luxury trade which can afford to pay very high wages indeed. In the publishing trade such is not the case. The day of really rich publishers is past. I am inclined to think that in England, apart from those great organizations which supply books in bulk, the day of publishing is past. Far too many amateurs are now playing with the business. It is supposed to be something genteel, and so it has since the war attracted numbers of men with some small capital who have taste and intelligence, but no publishing "sense". They may represent only a passing

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phase of the business, but on the other hand they may perpetuate a gentility and general amateurishness which will drive real trade into the hands of the big organizations. We shall see. I am not prophesying; but I doubt whether any business that is genteel can ever be robust.

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One curious feature attending the strike is the turning of the minds of publishers to schemes for the elimination of expensive middlemen. There is, for instance, a well supported demand for the establishment of a central clearing house for publishers, such as the Germans employ. In Germany, I understand, Leipzig is the home of a great clearing house. A bookseller in, say, Hamburg, orders all the books he wants from this clearing house. His orders are sorted, distributed to the representatives of publishers (all of whom have agents in the city), and by these representatives books are supplied to the central house for inclusion in a general delivery to the bookseller. In this way much time is saved which in England is lost by orders direct to the publishers or to a large wholesale house. The duplication of accounts is saved. The cost of carriage is minimized. Of course the objection may be urged that owing to the smallness of England as compared with Germany the loss of time involved in the English system is immaterial. An objection, further, might be made by publishers upon the ground that other publishers might learn the horrid truth about the sales of rival books, the turnover of rival houses, and the like. I think this could be overcome. Another point — again from Germany, but of more doubtful value — is the suggested increase of books sent "on sale or return" (or, as American firms call it, I think, "on consignment"). The booksellers often will not order books in which they have no interest or confidence, and accordingly (it is alleged) the people who might buy these books are never given a chance of seeing them. The supporters of the scheme say that in all probability if the books were shown they would be sold. I would not guarantee this. It is quite true that many readers hesitate to order a book about which they know nothing but what has been said in a newspaper; but I have often, upon seeing a book, realized that I would rather die than possess it. However, that is a frivolous objection. The real objection is that the two sides of the trade look at the matter with different eyes. The publishers feel that if they are to send out books in large numbers with the possibility of having a considerable proportion returned to them, useless, they will to all intents be subsidizing the booksellers. They will have all the expense, and the booksellers will take no risks whatever. So the publishers think that discount terms to booksellers should be reduced. The booksellers think, on the other hand, that they will be so considerably augmenting the activities, opportunities, and profits of the publishers that they should have terms even higher than those they at present enjoy. No English publisher that I ever heard of wants to increase the booksellers' discounts, or has any intention of increasing those discounts. When I first entered the publishing trade, discounts on net books were twopence in the shilling, and 2½ per cent for cash. Today the ordinary discount for net books (there are few others) is somewhere about thirty per cent. Now there are not half a dozen real booksellers — and when I say booksellers I mean *booksellers* — in the

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whole country. To some firms, who really sell books (I am thinking of such firms as T. and E. Bumpus, in London), I would gladly allow the largest possible discounts. But to those miserable people who merely stock books in the background of their libraries and stationery businesses I would allow the smallest possible discounts. Such people do not sell books. They prey upon them. They crab the whole trade. They make bookbuying almost an impossibility, because they will not stock any books which can self respectingly be bought. And, by filling their windows with cheap books, with stationery, even with sweets, they dishonor literature and discourage the literate. Such houses, under an "on sale" scheme, would be destroyed; and in this respect the "on sale" scheme is a good one. But I am not so sure that the scheme might not attack literature at the other end. Would not the publishers (already prone enough to do that) tend to accept for publication only those books which would have a good chance of selling in large numbers if widely exposed? Would not such books tend, even more than they do now, to swamp the better (or at any rate the less popular) books? I fear it. My own view is that the clearing house scheme is a good one, and that it is workable. I do not know if such a scheme is at all in force, or is contemplated, in the United States (where, obviously, difficulties of transport point to the attractiveness of such a scheme); if not, it might be worth considering. But for the "on sale" system I must profess my deep dislike. The only cure for the present bad system of bookselling seems to me the education of the public and the education of booksellers (which might proceed concurrently). Short of this education, or the uprising in the bookselling trade of what is called "a new spirit", I regard the problem as insoluble.

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So "The Madras House" has been revived at last. Contrary to my habit, I went to the first performance, and was half edified and half mystified. Mr. Granville-Barker has altered the last act considerably — it was always the weak part of the play — and has gathered a new cast about him; and his hand is evident in the production. The play remains what it was, an exceptionally interesting affair, with perceptions and subtleties which do not usually find place upon the stage. It remains, too, a "discussion" piece; and it is open to anybody to say of it, as many have said, that it is not a play at all. That, in fact, the discussion would have been better as an essay. This is a view from which I should dissent. I think it is certainly allowable to make each act of your play illustrate a point in an argument. This is not the way I should write a play myself (and I suppose I am one of the few writers in the world who have never written a play); but it seems to me to be a mistake to forbid others to do what one would not or could not do oneself. I know I am singular even in this, for all critics are apt to pontificate; but the fact remains. And so I enjoy "The Madras House" for what it is, a work of great intellectual quality, and a work that arouses interest in the theatre and thought afterward. That the play as it stands is a complete success, I should not go so far as to assert. On the contrary. Whether the acting or the confined stage or the passage of time made it seem so or not, I cannot say, but the third act had lost some of its amplitude. I remember it as a marvelously absorbing conversation, which

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rolled onward richly and ended at the right moment. Last Monday the effect was less compelling. The speaking was jerky and restless, and the "note" was not maintained. Moreover, Mr. Granville-Barker's apparently deliberate effort to introduce into the conclusions of his acts that indeterminate quality which he associates with naturalness was not effective. The acts went on too long. One tired of them. And the indeterminateness of conversation sorts ill with certain locutions — it may be only with the manners of the actors, though I think it belongs also to the subject matter of the speeches and their formation in phrase — which were definitely unnatural. There was not a very enthusiastic audience, and the coughing was criminal. Finally, the last act is no better than it ever was. It may be that such a conversation as that between Philip Madras and his wife would be all right to the speakers in the privacy of their own drawing room; but to an audience it has just the defects which make for shyness. I felt extremely shy during the whole of this act — not with the thought that I was overhearing something I ought not to know; but with that more distressing shyness of not knowing where to look which sometimes seizes the playgoer during an unpardonably long drawn scene of callowness. How Mr. Granville-Barker can finish his play with such an act bothers me. I see the point of it, though I think the point is not made. I see that the whole thing is vastly difficult to carry out; and I know that I could not do it myself. Yet I do not think that Mr. Granville-Barker should have made so great an admirer as myself feel uncomfortable. But in addition to this, the last act allows the whole play to disintegrate and go to pieces. It should not do that. Even deliberately, I am sure it should not do that. Opposed as any author may be to the "well made play", it is open to him to provide a culmination to his play. As it was, when the curtain came down quite ten minutes too late so far as the interest of the audience was concerned, the chill of ineffectiveness had already gathered. We all trooped out into the snow a little discouraged. And yet I am very glad indeed to have seen the play again, and I think Mr. Granville-Barker still one of the finest of modern dramatic writers. That a new play of his does not grace each theatrical season appears to me to be one of the scandals of the age. There are many such scandals, but this is among the chief of them.

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Next month I hope to write some more about the new Tchekhov play which is being printed in "The Calendar of Modern Letters". Unfortunately my copy of the first instalment has not come to hand as I write, and so I have not had the opportunity of reading it. In the meantime there is no dearth of productions of plays by Tchekhov. We have had a successful performance of "The Cherry Orchard", as I have already told you; and another, less commercially successful, of "The Seagull". Now we are promised for the New Year performances of "The Three Sisters" (which I have already seen, in a private show some two or three years ago), "Ivanoff", and "Uncle Vanya". The Stage Society is doing "Ivanoff" in a few days. I cannot help feeling that even if these productions fall short of complete excellence, they will at least show some of our younger dramatists how plays may be written. If these words should ever reach actors engaged in the perform-

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ance of Tchekhov, or any person who purposes the performance of a Tchekhov play, I would beg one thing — that all such actors and producers will remember that the whole is greater than the part. I am told that before any rehearsals of "The Madras House" began, Mr. Granville-Barker spent days in talking to the actors about the play, and in making them talk about it. They were all to think about the play — about the whole of it — and to think only of the play. Few dramatists ever have a chance of talking to the actors about their work. I have seen several dramatist friends of mine before and after the beginning of rehearsals; and the shrinkage is perceptible. Mr. Granville-Barker, being his own incomparable producer, was in a favorable position. But if he ever handles Tchekhov we ought to see something more than the usual terrible series of individual efforts. There is no reason, however, why other producers and other actors should continue the old ridiculous habit of segregating the parts and the actors, so that the actors as a body have no notion at all of what the whole play is about. Such a method of production, although still common, is antediluvian. In the same way, authors should recall that the audience is seeing a whole play, and not merely a collection of speeches. If modern writers have one advantage over the authors of what we know as classic imaginative literature, it is the power to be realistic without losing dramatic significance. That Mr. Granville-Barker has missed the Tchekhovian point of what George Calderon called the "centrifugal method" in "The Madras House" is the real reason for that play's failure upon the stage. Dramatists may well take a warning, and producers may well take an example.

A German who is at present in England has just declared to the press that certain composers drive those who listen to them to drink. He runs, it appears, a restaurant with a concert hall attached to it, and he observes what happens when his orchestra plays the works of Wagner and Strauss. Wagner causes the audience to demand lager beer, and Strauss causes a similar demand for wine. Mendelssohn brings about a complete cessation in the demand for ham sandwiches, and so on. I can quite well understand that the programs at that hall must consist wholly of works by Strauss and Wagner. But I have been wondering whether the works of writers in prose and verse have similar effects. It would not be altogether surprising. One can imagine Mr. Belloc, for instance, carrying his readers in a frenzy to Saumur drunk from a tankard; or Max Beerbohm to Liebfraumilch; Dickens to beer; and some of our critical writers to marmalade, vinegar, and gall. Indeed, it is remarkable to think of the amount of stimulation which is provided for us by some writers, and the amount of stimulant which other writers seem to call upon us to provide. For myself, I can get along very well with all sorts of writers as a rule; but if my head is tired I find that there is no writer who so stimulates me as Macaulay. Other writers are better for other moods, and I do not say that I read Macaulay only when I am tired; but it is true that Macaulay acts with extraordinary effect upon a mind suffering from any degree of lassitude. I believe a good questionnaire could be made regarding the effects of different writers upon the activity of the mind — such as, "What do you read (or whom do you read) when you are tired?" I suppose many would say they read the Bible or the poets. I should

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say candidly: "When I am tired, and have no detective story handy which I have not read several times before, I read works by Macaulay, Hazlitt, Jane Austen, Talbot Baines Reed, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, and the early, the late, and the historical plays of Shakespeare." If I were asked what works I read when I am in the pink of condition, I should reply: "Nothing at all; for then I am working." But perhaps that would not be true. I know one writer who refuses to read anything but the best when he is working. With me, it is the other way round. I read only the worst. There is a difference between my work and that of the writer I have just mentioned; but where the difference lies I will never say.

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Speaking, however, about drink, reminds me that I have long wanted to mention my wine dealer. I feel that it is quite safe to mention my wine dealer in these pages, but in case any American is distressed by the mention of drink I offer here and now my best apologies for introducing the subject. I only want to say that my wine dealer as a writer surpasses most writers of the day. How would my reader like to receive so alluring an epistle as this one, which is printed at the beginning of the new season's list of wines? I hope that I do not infringe any copyright by quoting; if I do so I shall be pleased to make full acknowledgment in a later number of THE BOOKMAN. The letter reads as follows:

———— STREET,
London, W.1.
October 17th, 1925.

MY LORDS, REVEREND FATHERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

So many and so heavy cares afflict our Country at this moment that I will not dwell at length upon the Vintage which has just been plucked. Its brave promise has nearly all melted away in the chill damps of August and September, with their loathly train of plagues and pests.

In the much-afflicted Province of Champagne, strange maladies have stricken this year's Fruit; and only in a few favoured spots were sound clusters gathered. Under this Act of God we must bow our heads; but unhappily the Disaster is aggravated by the futile devisings of Men. The system of "delimitations" and "zones", by which a premium is put upon the growths of the best Regions in the Department of the Marne, encourages the baser sort of Vintners to buy the poorest Juice pressed in calamitous years and to sell it, without breaking any legal enactment, under the coveted and honourable style of Champagne. This is only one of a thousand reasons why lovers of Wine should purchase their supplies from none but reputable Merchants.

Although the failure of the 1925 Vintage is more grievous in Champagne than in the other districts sacred to the Grape, there is little news to cheer us. I write this respectful Address while the harvest in the Médoc is still a-gathering: but there are no grounds for hoping that it will be abundant and fine. Nor will the results in Burgundy and Chablis and Touraine make amends. Along the valley of the Douro, October dawned upon grapes not yet mature. In Germany, where the Spring gave promise of not merely good but magnificent things, the disappointment has almost equalled Champagne's.

Turning from all this disillusionment, I am happy to say that My Lords and Ladies need not fear a shortage of pure Wine at their Tables, day by day. The Vintners of Europe have succeeded better than her Statesmen in the work of *post-bellum* Reconstruction and have already built up such Reserves of Wine that they can face a poor Vintage with calm. I do not claim that the ravages of the Great War have been, or can be, wholly repaired in my own and my Colleagues' various Cellars. Vintage Ports and old-bottled Clarets and Burgundies, for examples, are not likely to be again as good and cheap and plentiful during my Lifetime as they were in the years before the War. But I, as well as my Brethren in the first-class Wine Trade, can and do furnish our Clients with beverage wines in no way inferior to the wines of twelve years ago. Ports from the Wood, Sherry, Madeira, "daily" Claret, Graves, Sauternes, Chablis, Vouvray, Rhine-wine and Moselle of admirable quality are abundantly available. As for the prices, they compare favourably with the old, when due allowance is made for the changed buying-power of the pound sterling, and for the fact that the Exchequer now exacts,

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even upon the thinnest and poorest wines, a customs-duty 100 per cent. greater than the 1914 figure.

I respectfully take leave to renew my offer of Counsel and Assistance to Ladies and Gentlemen who may do me the honour of consultation with regard to their Wine. The little Cupboard of the Secretarial Young Lady interests me no less than the far-burrowing vaults under an Earl's castle; and I shall count it an equal privilege to advise both the Lady and the Earl to the extreme of my Ability and Experience.

I am,

My Lords, Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your Obedient Servant,

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There seems to have been a good deal of difference of opinion regarding the merit of Joseph Conrad's last book, "Suspense", and there are some who think it dull. I have not read the book, and so I cannot take any side in the matter. But it is clear that a very considerable body of those who ought to be able to judge consider "Suspense" to be a masterpiece. I should be tempted to think it a masterpiece. H. M. Tomlinson, who should know, thinks it is a masterpiece. Mr. Tomlinson, I am interested to observe, is going to broadcast a talk on the subject of Conrad, and this talk should be a cut above the talks which — in England, at any rate — are usually broadcast. Mr. Tomlinson is one of the few critics in England who are not full of nonsense. To have a chat with him about literature in general is to come into contact with a mind that is genuinely realistic. He talks as only a man who has, so to speak, "been there" talks. For the literary talk of types of men other than the real article I find I have now very little appetite; but I would always listen to Mr. Tomlinson with respect, because he has nothing about him which belongs to the world of sham. I am particularly interested to learn that Mr. Tomlinson has it in mind to write a novel. If he will do this, I think he may very well draw even wider attention to his unique gifts as a writer than such books (such distinguished books) as "The Sea and the Jungle" have brought him. He has a new travel book ready, and is engaged upon a series of journeyings which will ultimately produce another book of considerable maritime interest; but it is to his novel that I look forward most eagerly, because with his experience and his exceptional understanding Mr. Tomlinson should write a novel such as probably no other man now alive could write. I see that there is already a market for Mr. Tomlinson's first editions: unless I am greatly mistaken, the market for his first editions will in a few years be as considerable as that for any first editions of our period.

SIMON PURE.

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THE NEW YORKER

The Morals of Herr Thoma and the Easy Virtue of Mr. Coward — Eugene O'Neill Scorns Realism for Romance — Laurette Taylor in a Clever Comedy — Valentino Becomes Russian and Stallings Turns to the Movies — Art, Cubist, Realist, and Impressionist — Joseph Pennell Writes a Book

WE were disappointed in the theatre this month. Play after play which we had confidently expected to like went bad on us until we knew that an attack of indigestion was impending. The piece which sat heaviest was "Morals", by Ludwig Thoma, written in the naive and heavy handed period of about 1908. This play was once vouched for by George Jean Nathan. That did not impress us, but we went to it, curious to see anything that Mr. Nathan would endorse. What we saw was a pompous comedy dealing with a group of whited sepulchres, and what happens to these worthy vice reformers when their own secret lives are exposed. This piece is repetitious to the verge of tears, and every obvious point is rammed home again and again with hearty thrusts of the German bayonet. Long before the dénouement of Madame de Hauteville, the pretty courtezan, the members of the audience had discovered it all for themselves and were discussing whether their favorite night clubs would be padlocked before they could get to them. A large cast headed by Dudley Digges, substituting for another actor who was ill, gave an adequate performance which was no more obvious than the piece deserved. Until we had seen this good old German play, written by a good old German author, and done in the good old German manner, we had never dreamed that vice could be so dull.

The other plays that we particularly hated died in their tracks before we could get to a typewriter to tell the world about them. We solaced ourself however by seeing almost the last night of "Candida" with the lovely Peggy Wood. It had been our regret that we could not see Katharine Cornell in the same part last year, but now we do not care. Miss Wood does everything that an actress could do in bringing a quality of gracious understanding to Shaw's delightful play.

We were depressed but not violent at the première of "The Fountain" by Eugene O'Neill, which has been kicking around Broadway for a number of years seeking a manager. We think that O'Neill is the finest playwright in America, our faith in him has not waned; but he is certainly not at his best in this fantastic tale of Ponce de Leon and his search for the fountain of youth. He has been ably assisted by Robert Edmond Jones who has staged the eleven odd scenes beautifully, but the text needs more than this. It needs a knife, for it is in fact too long. Under the wordy speeches, languorously delivered, the characters became wooden without a semblance of life, and along about scene ten where Ponce de Leon should have died in the forest, but didn't, the monotony became positively painful. With the exception of "Camille" we know of no death or near death that is so long, and there isn't even a cough

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to help it. The audience grew restive seeing the visions in the fever-lit eyes of Ponce, and its restlessness wasn't helped by the sight of Rosalinde Fuller as Beatriz who appeared and reappeared at intervals in a show of gold to ogle Walter Huston, who was doing the dying hero. In a program note, Mr. O'Neill takes solemn oath that "The Fountain" is not morbid realism. We wish it were. Fantasy is not his forte.

There were some brighter spots on the theatrical horizon. Laurette Taylor appeared "In a Garden" and we were delighted that this brilliant actress had at last obtained a part worthy of her. The critics were unduly sensitive lest future audiences fail to understand what Phillip Barry's subtle comedy was all about. But as part of an average audience, we insist that we understood exactly what it was about except when a late and fashionable gathering tramping down the aisles drowned out the actors completely. Even then Miss Taylor's gestures pointed her emotions with such delicate, accurate nuance that we felt able to supply the lines. But at that we are doubtful whether the play will last. Already hoarse screams imploring patrons to see this show are issuing from the Plymouth Theatre, and it is a question whether the butter and egg men who so largely compose our body politic will heed them. We hope for the good of their souls that Miss Taylor is not going to register another artistic triumph and commercial failure. She has not had one really popular play since "Peg o' My Heart", but perhaps that is enough for one actress in one lifetime.

We were pleasantly surprised by "Mayflowers", in which Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer dance gracefully and sing agreeably. In an atmosphere of bustles and oil lamps the jazz note is completely absent, and we for one never missed it until we ended up at a late and noisy supper at the Club Lido. The music by Edward Kunneke is reminiscent of much music we have heard in other shows, but it is tuneful, and one cannot be too exacting.

One play that we had looked forward to seeing was "Easy Virtue" by the prolific Noel Coward. We wonder whether Mr. Coward thinks them up while shaving and writes them with his coffee. "Easy Virtue" is all about a lady with a past who marries into a respectable and dull English family. Of course it doesn't work out, and eventually, that is three months later, she disappears in the direction of the Riviera or wherever it is that easy virtue finds congeniality. Jane Cowl is charming as the naughty Larita and she is easy to look at. Much of her anguish seems to come from being asked why she is wearing a fur coat and why she isn't watching the tennis. On this slight provocation she decides to leave her husband. The characters are as metallic and inconsequential as Mr. Coward's characters always are. The first act runs pleasantly along like a Galsworthy novel, entertaining but with not much doing; the second act begins to sag as the slim plot gathers headway; and the third is fairly terrible. At that we liked it better than "The Vortex" which we didn't like at all, and we predict that it will be nearly as successful. We borrow a word from Mr. Mencken in a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN and elegantly exclaim, Bilge!

Tales of record breaking crowds battering at the doors with police reserves holding them back incited us to see Rodolph Valentino in "The Eagle". The crowds were there and the police, but not much else. This plot has the virtue of simplicity. A

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young Russian officer of the Imperial Guard (Valentino himself) deserts his regiment in sheer disgust at the amorous advances of Catherine of Russia, and thereafter becomes a bandit. There are some mildly amusing scenes showing the young man disguised as the French tutor of a beautiful girl, and then he is captured. The spurned Tsarina orders him shot, but before any real suspense can be developed she pardons him to the arms of Vilma Banky, his sweetheart, whose name sounds like two Russian cities. Even this simple story had us doubting. We doubted if a young lieutenant — in Russia we hasten to add — would be so squeamish especially when offered a generalship, and even if he was, it is our impression that the hussars of Catherine were never let off anything. We remember Valentino doing excellent work in "The Four Horsemen", but that day is past. Now he depends on an attractive smile and a set of teeth which four out of five of us must envy. As we left the theatre and saw the patient crowd standing in the rain, we hoped that Valentino would see it also and would feel that he had cheated, just a little.

But our waning faith in the films revived when "The Big Parade" came to town. With this war picture Laurence Stallings scores again. It is satisfying and complete, done with most careful detail. Any ex-soldier can find fault with minor points where this screen war does not exactly approximate his own experience, but that is bound to happen in a subject so enormous. Our own plaint is that the picture could not have been taken in France for the sake of an authentic background, but with the enormous cast employed that would not have been feasible. The pageant of war is all there — men and more men, guns without number, the tramp of

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Romance of the American Theatre" by Mary Caroline Crawford (Little, Brown). A well told history of some of the most dramatic incidents and persons in the American theatre.

"A Christmas Miracle and God Bless This House" by Anna Hempstead Branch (Adelphi). Two delicate fantasies for home presentation.

"Inside the Moscow Art Theatre" by Oliver M. Sayler (Brentano). Another luxurious volume from the laboratories of the great Russians.

"The American Dramatist" by Montrose J. Moses (Little, Brown). Capable history of our playwrights. More time might well be spent on the moderns.

"Representative Plays by American Dramatists" edited by Montrose J. Moses (Dutton). This odd collection of early plays at least gives us a chance to read Aiken's dramatization of "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

"Deburau" by Sacha Guitry (privately printed). Luxurious volume containing excerpts illustrated with handsome photographs from the Belasco production.

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marching feet, the crash of cannon. Very lights splitting the blackness of night with their unearthly brilliance. . . . This is ignoring the delightful scenes in a billet back of the lines which have been filmed with a total absence of sentimental bunk. Here Mélisande is wooed by Jimmy the hero. Here are wine orgies and M. P. fights, letters from home and the call to mess. Then the great march to the front. In an almost perfect cast Renée Adorée, as the girl, gives as beautiful and sincerely moving a performance as we have seen in a long time. John Gilbert who plays opposite her is excellent. But for us a man called "Slim" ran away with the show. From his clowning in the first part to his stark death on the battlefield his acting can only be characterized as extraordinary. It is interesting to speculate whether or not Mr. Stallings is a pacifist. We believe that he is, and it is also our guess that this film will not abate the menace of war one iota. Why should it? For those who do not know war it means two hours in a comfortable theatre enjoying vicariously the thrills of it, and for those who do — well, they will leave at the end of it with an ache in their throats for the days that are past, never to return. "The Big Parade" has been broadcast throughout the country as a great movie. It is.

Stimulated by tales of paralytic patients who danced and St. Vitus patients who became tranquil before the paintings of Fernand Léger, we hastened to the Anderson Art Galleries to see his work. It was no vulgar curiosity that sent us. We were suffering at the time from a persistent head cold and we were willing to try any treatment once. Nothing was cured, however, but our curiosity. Léger, you will remember, is now among the greatest of cubists. The exhibition centres around one gigantic canvas called "Le Disque" with numerous small studies made for it — circles, targets, intricate geometric designs in fierce primary colors. One must not try to find a subject in these pictures; do not say, this is a machine for turning out Fords, or that is the structure of an unfinished bridge — think only of the emotion which they give you or, if you prefer, the sensation. For us movement is curiously absent; this world of Léger's is set, hardened. But there is sound: steel crashing on steel, the roar of furnaces turning out more steel — the synthesis perhaps of an intolerable, metallic, and modern world.

At the Wildenstein Galleries Romaine Brooks has an exhibition of portraits. For the greys, blacks, and whites in which she works almost exclusively the artist owes something to Carrière, although she would probably deny it bitterly. For the rest she owes nothing to anybody. Her work is striking, severe, sharply individualized, suggesting the painting associated with men rather than women. We predict that if Miss Brooks would deign to set up shop in America she would become as fashionable here as she is in Paris, where she has painted such celebrities as Jean Cocteau, Paul Morand, the Princess Lucien Murat, and Madame Ida Rubenstein.

At the Reinhardt Galleries we were delighted by the street scenes of Utrillo. Wisely avoiding the great boulevards and avenues of Paris, he has largely confined himself to the small towns, and his work which is not merely copyist is so authentic that it recalls the whole pageant of the French provinces to you. This might be Crépy-en-Valois, this Villers-Cotterets, this Soissons. Name them as you go. Of course they are not, but Utrillo has caught the spirit of innumerable little French

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towns in spite of the fact that he paints with a brittle brightness, a flair for gay color which we have seen in no part of France outside of the denationalized Riviera and the Basque country.

There was one exhibition during the month which interested us greatly. It partook of art and letters. Joesph Pennell has done a book, "The Adventures of an Illustrator", which is liberally filled with his lithographs and etchings, and these were shown together with pages of the book in various stages of manufacture. The margins are covered with the racy and caustic comments of the author on the work of the patient publisher. The exhibition is over, but the book is here, filled with delightful anecdotes of such men as Beardsley, Whistler, Wells, and Shaw, by one of our most distinguished contemporary artists. "The Adventures of an Illustrator" is worth buying and keeping.

LARRY BARRETTO

TO DAPHNE

By Gladys Bollman

IF I could, like you,
Strain desperate arms to the sky
In my distress,
Seeking to escape life's caress,
Be heard by the river,
Be quiet forever

And if, having refused,
I could strain myself in the gale,
Feel wind tearing me from earth,
Be shattered by lightnings of Jove,
Be ripped to a white skeleton,
Or seared, shriveled into a dreaming death
By Apollo the sun,
In his impotent rage at what I had done.

A soft, immortal human —
What a thing to be,
When one might be torn and die
As a tree!

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and THE BOOKMAN'S "Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.

THE LORD OF TERROR — Marcel Allain — *McKay.* The great French criminal and his pursuers are brought back to life for another heavily padded five reel thriller.

THE LANDMARK — James Lane Allen — *Macmillan.* A collection of posthumous stories.

* DARK LAUGHTER — Sherwood Anderson — *Boni, Liveright.* A mystically handled sex theme, with this author's usual fascinating combination of naturalism with quixotic imagination.

GLORIOUS APOLLO — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Byron's lurid career again made dramatic in fiction.

REX — E. F. Benson — *Doran.* The taming of a lady killer.

JERICHO SANDS — Mary Borden — *Knopf.* A highly personalized, vivid, pathetic story of love. (*See page 711.*)

* DRUMS — James Boyd — *Scribner.* Boyhood dreams set in the days of the American Revolution and told with skill and power.

* POSSESSION — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* Mr. Bromfield shows himself to be the American Galsworthy.

* THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE — Willa Cather — *Knopf.* Intellectual issues ramblingly brought to rambling conclusions in a beautifully written novel.

TREADING THE WINEPRESS — Ralph Connor — *Doran.* Modern civilization criticized in a story of soul struggle.

MICHAEL SCARLETT — James Gould Cozzens — *A. and C. Boni.* A stirring tale of the sixteenth century filled with the mad adventuring of Nashe, Marlowe, and Donne.

THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* A lady with large lumber interests indulges also in a bit of love.

COOMBE ST. MARY'S — Maud Diver — *Houghton Mifflin.* A sedate, slowly told story of one of the stately homes of England crushed by the war.

THE FARTHING SPINSTER — Catherine Dodd — *Doran.* Delicacy and beauty are in the writing of this narrative of the Farthing family through one hundred and fifty years.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER — John Dos Passos — *Harper.* What price New York? Sound and fury signifying subways and swear words with colors and smells to match. (*See page 718.*)

*AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* Mr. Dreiser's first novel since 1915. Honest and weighty realism in a strong story. (*See page 711.*)

* CARAVAN — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* A masterly collection of a master short story writer.

* SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* Still remains as good a study of the love making of the war generation as has been written.

* UNCHANGING QUEST — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* A great story of mother and son with chaotic Europe as a background.

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE — A. S. M. Hutchinson — *Little, Brown.* Problems of life and religious thought crystallized in well drawn characters and a somewhat involved plot.

* THE CONSTANT NYMPH — Margaret Kennedy — *Doubleday, Page.* For sheer surprise and delight this temperamental story has not been equaled since its publication.

MATRIX — Melvin P. Levy — *Thomas Seltzer.* The well known sensitive youth in-

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vestigates sex, sociology, and religion to no particular purpose.

QUEER JUDSON — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* Another wistful and humorful portrait added to the gallery of Cape Cod folk.

THE GREAT PANDOLFO — William J. Locke — *Dodd, Mead.* Pride and love struggle through a florid and glamorous romance.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES — Anita Loos — *Boni, Liveright.* The "education" of a gold digger, than whom no one needed it less.

THE REGION CLOUD — Percy Lubbock — *Scribner.* A Meredithian novel exposing the strength and the weaknesses of a genius.

* THUNDER ON THE LEFT — Christopher Morley — *Doubleday, Page.* An extraordinary combination of fancy, realism, and irony. (*See page 711.*)

LITTLE SHIPS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* The broad canvas of a whole family filled in with care, and remarkably fine pieces of characterization.

WHAT A MAN WANTS — Howard Vincent O'Brien — *Doubleday, Page.* An incisive study of a group of business men with artistic leanings.

* WILD GEESE — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* A prize winning first novel of the northern frontier which has evoked exceptional plaudits.

* THE POWER AND THE GLORY — Gilbert Parker — *Harper.* La Salle, the explorer, here becomes a sturdy and personable hero.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* A delicate character study with Victorian implications and an intensely modern manner.

RED ASHES — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* A love romance with full measure of exciting event.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES — Gene Stratton-Porter — *Doubleday, Page.* Life's lessons taught from nature.

* THE RED LAMP — Mary Roberts Rinehart — *Doran.* A kindly professor is suspected of murder, among other incidents in this romantic mystery.

THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL — Ruth Suckow — *Knopf.* A fine and knowing study of a middle class girl struggling for freedom of purpose.

* THE ELDER SISTER — Frank Swinnerton — *Doran.* Jealousy and love beautifully portrayed.

* WOMEN — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* A good natured sally at the American club woman and her children.

* THE PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* A psychological thriller written with dash as well as beauty.

* COUSIN JANE — Harry Leon Wilson — *Cosmopolitan.* One of the best stories from this scintillating pen.

FOLLY — Clement Wood — *Small, Maynard.* All the gorgeousness, the brutish immortality, and the reckless licentiousness of William and Mary's England are faithfully pictured here.

BREAD AND CIRCUSES — W. E. Woodward — *Harper.* Wise and witty satiric extravaganza with Michael Webb as debunking ringmaster.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* An attractive young gentleman chases a beautiful gem over the world and back again.

A SON OF HIS FATHER — Harold Bell Wright — *Appleton.* A real man proves conclusively that he is no dummy.

BLACK HARVEST — I. A. R. Wylie — *Doran.* Daring and moving tale of miscegenation and universal peace. (*See page 712.*)

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. *"The Life of Samuel Johnson" — a new three volume edition of the world's most indefatigable biographer (Dutton).*

2. *"H. M. S. Pinafore, and Other Plays" by W. S. Gilbert — "Pinafore", "Ruddigore", "Patience", and "The Yeomen" made available in a Modern Library volume.*

3. *"The Mirror of Venus" — love poems and stories from Ovid's "Amores", "Metamorphoses", and other works (Dutton — Broadway Translations).*

4. *"Gulliver's Travels" — this year marks the bicentenary of this perennial satire.*

5. *"Far from the Madding Crowd" by Thomas Hardy — readers of "Barren Ground" should look up this earlier epic of a woman's struggle with the soil.*

Paths of Fiction

"AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY" (Boni, Liveright), Theodore Dreiser's first novel since 1915, is a book that literate Americans will wish to read. Starting it, I find that it has the old Dreiser qualities: it is difficult going for the lover of lucid prose, but it is absorbing to him who likes excellent characterization and a novel with real meat in it. Mary Borden's "Jericho Sands" (Knopf) and Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left" (Doubleday, Page) are somewhat alike in that behind both of them is a feeling of despair at life's narrowness, prejudice, and disillusionment. I cannot promise that everyone will like either of them — yet I have a feeling that both will reach large publics and create much discussion.

"Thunder on the Left" I enjoyed more thoroughly than any book since "The Constant Nymph", and it is far and away the best thing Mr. Morley has ever written. Beauty it has, and wit, and pity for humankind and love of humankind, too. Its combination of fantasy and realism is irresistible. Its characters are superb. Mr. Martin is perfect. If I don't like Miss Clyde quite so well, it is perhaps not Mr. Morley's fault. We cannot but be more interested in our own dream selves; but there again, may it not be true that Mr. Morley was more interested in Martin? Any attempt to describe this glowing, wistful, humorful, and daring book is unwise. I have heard persons say that they didn't know what it was all about. I have even heard persons say that it was irreligious. Well, it's the sort of story which you might as well stop reading if you do not feel what it's about, or if you try to explain it away. It will mean something quite different to every person who reads it. That, it seems to me, is the answer. It is a great book which every man, woman, and child in America should read and take to heart.

"Jericho Sands" is devastating. It spares no one. Its impassioned telling of a tragic sex tanglement reveals Mary Borden's possession of an enriched technique, and a sure sense of the flow of her narrative. This novel will shock many; for it does not shun the delineation of unhappiness resulting from religious narrowness and mania. Yet seldom does one happen on a livelier or more interesting theme, or a clearer set of characters. Tech-

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nically, the feat is worthy of all praise. Miss Borden has let two persons tell her story — one, a member of her triangle; the other, an impersonal friend. The result is absorbing. There are some among critics and public who find any departure from the smooth course of ordinary narration annoying; but this particular method, it can readily be seen, offers a chance for rounding out incidents and characters which is not often taken advantage of by the novelist.

Another amazing novel is I. A. R. Wylie's "Black Harvest" (Doran). Breathtaking in its implications, and fascinating in its powerful narrative, it also preaches a bold sermon against militarism. The story of Klaus Felde, the great poet leader of modern Germany, believed by his insane mother to be a second Christ, used by powers more sophisticated than himself, suddenly defeated by his own desires, scorned for his weakness, is a pitiful and gloriously painted picture. Miss Wylie has made her fantastic tale more pointed by making her hero half Negro. It is a novel which, once picked up, cannot be laid aside, and surely it can never be forgotten.

Mr. Weaver's Verse Narratives

JOHN V. A. WEAVER'S "More in American" (Knopf) shows the poet experimenting further with the American idiom. He uses it purposefully and popularly in several long narratives which are successful and effective. I wonder whether, if they were written in straight prose or even in straight poetry, they would not seem pretty sentimental. After all, this point is what lies back of Mr. Weaver's ability and his success, and it is probably unworthy of me to raise it. He has always succeeded in taking dangerously pretty themes and disguising their prettiness by slang and method, so that we may weep without feeling that we are being tricked into weeping by hokum. In this new volume Mr. Weaver has done his best long poems; but the lyrics are for the most part inferior. It is, however, a volume for all lovers of popular verse to own. Somewhere between Carl Sandburg and Eddie Guest, Johnny Weaver occupies a place of his own, and an enviable place in American writing. I'd like to quote one short poem that has always been a favorite:

FANTASY

If they could have a smell like flowers —
White, soft, sparklin',
So beautiful they hurt you —
Not proud and grand,
Just little and friendly —
Crowds and crowds of friends —

Night time by the river,
Stars all up above us,
Stars every side of us,
Like the whole Milky Way
Fell down around us —

Stars —

If they could have a smell like flowers —

Honeysuckle!

The Spell of China

A LUXURIOUS book is Florence Ayscough's "A Chinese Mirror" (Houghton Mifflin). Mrs. Ayscough, Amy Lowell's collaborator in "Fir-Flower Tablets", is a Chinese scholar of note and long a resident of China. In this lavishly illustrated volume, she wanders among temples and gardens, politics and history, with a sure hand, writing a finely fashioned, exquisitely colored style. It is one of the few books

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about the Orient I have read which leave one with a sense of deeper understanding. Not only does Mrs. Ayscough interpret, but she paints so deftly that her pen portraits at times read like poems. One of the most attractive things about the book is its inclusion of Chinese poetry. What unusual and exotic and yet simple things they are!

John Masefield

UPON the publication of the complete edition of his poems and plays (Macmillan), I find little new to say about John Masefield. He seems to me by far the most satisfying poet of our time. In its final essence, greatness in poetry, as far as current poets are concerned, is certainly a matter of personal preference. There are those who find, in some of Masefield, swinging rhythms that mark him for them as "popular". Others belittle him on other grounds. The fact remains that for beauty of form and line, originality of conception, serenity of thought, John Masefield is supreme. He is a more vital poet than Hardy, a more thoughtful poet than Kipling, a more virile poet than Yeats. His great lines are many, and there are many great and memorable poems. As a dramatist, he possesses a quiet depth that is perhaps the mark also of the great poet rather than the dramatic genius; yet there are few finer modern plays than "The Tragedy of Nan". I should like to quote here the last sonnet from "On Growing Old". It contains the Masefield philosophy, and exhibits the Masefield beauty of thought and line:

Beauty, have pity, for the strong have power
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace
Summer of man its sunlight and its flower
Spring time of man all April in a face.

Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts or loiters or is loud
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,

So, from this glittering world with all its fashion
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.

Give me but these, and though the darkness close
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

The Latest Laugh

ROBERT C. BENCHLEY is the great philosopher in short pants. He represents the thought of America inversely ratioed. He is the Santayana of the Algonquin, the Plato of Broadway. "Pluck and Luck" (Holt) is a masterpiece of unreason. It is funny, wise, absurd — a delicious collection of thises and thats and then-agains. If we have a humorist in America who performs his feats more skilfully or more consistently, I should like to see him. Whether he writes of the digestive tract or of family life, he does it with perfect control of the pen and of the windpipe. There is much to be said for Mr. Benchley's books' being adopted by the schools. The schools should institute each day a half hour for the cultivation of laughter. There should be organized propaganda for Mr. Benchley in a cutaway, of course, and with a silk hat and a cane, as Gluyas Williams so aptly portrays him. The cane is an adjunct. Mr. Benchley is an adjunct, too — as an adjunct he is even more effective as a philosopher. *But*, it is primarily as a philosopher

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that I recommend him to you. Into the hands of little Ben and Milly, put this volume of hortatory essays. What their hands will do then, I cannot say; but you will have done your duty. In a word, or perhaps several, since it is impossible to undertake arithmetic so soon after Christmas, or rather New Year's, let me say that Robert C. Benchley cannot for another moment be neglected by you, although I have no reason to suppose that any reader of this magazine would ever have neglected Mr. Benchley anyway. In the words of the noble bookseller: buy this book — or read it at your library. Which leads me to relate that a nice lady told a friend of mine that she had persuaded the local library to buy a copy of his book and was telling all her friends to go to the library to read it.

— *J. F.*

A WOMAN

By Florence S. Small

THE trolley jolted her against me;
Little she was, and dry, and fretted
From having done so many little things.

Her eyes were dulled by stirred up dust;
Her fingers, restless, weaving in and out,
As though pursued by ghosts of undone tasks.
I longed to take and still them in my own.

She caught my glance and smiled at me.
(Her smile? Her smile was like a kindly lie
Told clumsily to save another from a hurt.)

And then her face went blank,
Dull as a field in autumn,
Grey with the strange loneliness
Of those who unreluctantly
Draw near to death.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

BURROUGHS, PYLE, AND OTHERS

By Allan Nevins

"PAINT the critter as you know him, with all his sins upon his head", John Burroughs once remarked to his biographer. Burroughs, like Muir, like Thoreau, was a man with the bark on: the bark of a Catskill Yankee, rugged, candid, full of sharp likes and dislikes, happy only when close to the soil, insistent upon a measure of solitude, and with the introspective mysticism characteristic of so many granitic New Englanders. Clara Barrus, in "The Life and Letters of John Burroughs", has done wisely not to soften a single trait or idiosyncrasy. She might have drawn the apostolic patriarch, the shrewd, gentle nature lover alone. Actually she makes it clear that there was nothing apostolic about him; that he was irritable, that he got on badly with his wife, that he spelled poorly, that his cultural equipment was in some ways astonishingly defective; that he was all the more lovable because he was so human, all the greater because he overcame so many natural faults. It is a very apprehensible Burroughs — hospitable, wise, simple, cantankerous, stubborn, passionate, grumbling — who emerges from these two overcrowded volumes with our affection as well as respect.

One of the salient impressions gained from the biography is of the sharp dualism of Burroughs's intellectual character. He was born to be a writer — anyone could see that as he grew up with a pen always in his hand, and a knack of words lighting up his half illiterate letters. At eighteen he was plowing through a systematic list of books, from Plutarch and Plato to Emerson and Bancroft, and at twenty two he was a steady contributor to "The Saturday Press". But what kind of writer; philosopher or naturalist? With the influence of Carlyle and Emerson burning within him, he was following his metaphysical and moralistic bent, publishing "Fragments from the Table of an Intellectual Epicurean", and planning a book of essays on Analogy. From this vale of wind and mist he was rescued in the nick of time by picking up in the West Point library a copy of Audubon's "Birds", and by discovering that while editors looked askance upon his transcendental musings, "The Atlantic" made such an essay as "With the Birds" its leading article. He loved the country and his vocation was found. Yet even when his place as a naturalist was fully established Emerson meant infinitely more to him than Thoreau, and in his old age he irresistibly slipped back to philosophical themes — themes which he treated with little distinction.

Burroughs's decisive choice of his true literary field excuses any amount of floundering in the other departments of his life; and the story of his first ten years of manhood shows very little but floundering. In his impractical way he tried schoolteaching; peddling an invention; studying medicine; the civil service, and bank examining. His marriage was a mistake, for his wife — despite much mutual devotion to the end of their

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lives — brought him neither companionship nor understanding, and her scolding, her painful neatness, her worries because they were not "getting on", made half his days miserable. Mrs. Burroughs had sterling qualities, but an anecdote told by Miss Barrus throws a shaft of light upon her nature. Once in later years Burroughs was entertaining Lady Russell, author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden". After a happy hour together, as he and Miss Barrus were taking leave of the guests, Mrs. Burroughs's strident voice was heard behind them: "Eliza, bring the brush and dustpan — some of them brought in a chunk of mud." But Burroughs's very impracticability, his indifference to worldly success, contributed to his career. It enabled him to settle down in the Catskills; to give long days, whether as an intermittent bank examiner or a grape grower, to watching wild life, inviting his soul, and reading; and it imparted to his writings the mellow tone which is one of their greatest charms. He never let the banks or the pruning interfere with the birds.

His was an expansive, friendly nature, with a keen zest for self expression. His nature was vitalized by a series of strong friendships — with Whitman, Gilder, Myron Benton, Roosevelt, Muir, and Edison. He was a leisurely and even garrulous letter writer; he kept a journal from the middle Sixties, which seems to have grown fuller and fuller till his death. Miss Barrus is able to quote from it his description of his first meeting with Whitman in 1865 — "a well-dressed, large, benevolent-looking man, cleanly and neat, with a grizzly, shaggy appearance about the face and the open throat", whose bright eyes and glowing countenance struck Burroughs as beautiful, and who was in that felicitous mood "during which his flesh and skin became as it were transparent, and allowed his great summery, motherly soul to shine through". This is typical of Burroughs's warm responsiveness to those he liked. He loved to stretch his legs and have his talk out. In her second volume Miss Barrus, whose friendship with him began in 1901, attempts to Boswellize him, intermingling with letters and journal fragments the record of long conversations with him upon every conceivable subject, from woodchucks to Tolstoy. The result is that she places too much in her biography. We could well spare a good deal of trivial chat, her list of Burroughs's responses to association test words, and her profitless chapter inquiring how Burroughs met Emerson's seven tests of a great man. Yet the fulness of the book responds to a certain fulness in the man. Only a powerful artist could delineate him briefly, and Miss Barrus perhaps did well to pour out her materials lavishly.

In Howard Pyle we have a personality and a career which strikingly contrast with those of Burroughs. This scion of an old Quaker stock in Wilmington, Delaware, knew in early boyhood that he wanted to be an artist, and with inflexible resolution went straight to his goal. He refused to be lured into bypaths like college; he got the best training, despite a lean family purse, that Philadelphia afforded; and then he went to New York and laid siege to "Harper's" and "The Century" till they capitulated. Charles D. Abbott, in "Howard Pyle: A Chronicle", has made a straightforward, effective story of his life. He had but two interests, art and the kind of literature that lends itself to art; and he did more than any other man, save perhaps Abbey, to lift illustration

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from the crude, commonplace level of the Seventies to real artistry and beauty. His immense earnestness, his superabundant energy, his high idealism, made him a dynamic force.

But it was Pyle's imagination that was the keynote of his genius. This imagination was capable of extreme flights, as in his book retelling the story of Christ in a modern setting, with an electrocution substituted for the crucifixion. It led him to select as his favorite pictorial themes such subjects as pirates and buccaneers, knights and castles, mermaids and Norse heroes. It made him steep himself in Colonial lore, and recreate all the pageantry and color of early American days. Above all, it forced him to take a view of the function of the illustrator which sometimes irritated an author. His firm conviction was that his pictures should not merely visualize the text, but should rather supplement and fill it out, presenting a scene of his own invention instead of one which the writer had described. The artist was to be a coworker with the author, not a subordinate. When Pyle laid down his pencil, imagination — a sense of wonder — had become a permanent part of American illustration.

Christina Hopkinson Baker's "Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody" is one of the books which fill a reviewer with dismay. Miss Peabody (Mrs. Marks) was a charming and gifted woman, whose "The Piper" is one of the finest poetical dramas written since Tennyson and Browning. She felt strongly and truly, and expressed herself with warmth and animation. But her life, beyond reading, writing, teaching, and travel, was comparatively eventless; and into neither her letters nor her diaries did she try to throw much reflection, much observation, or indeed anything beyond a bright twittering flow of comment on commonplace subjects. The effect is of 350 pages of — well, if one did not have so much liking for Miss Peabody, one would say gush. It is a book that a certain class of feminine readers will like, but that masculine minds will quickly drop.

E. T. Raymond turns from his brilliant and rather caustic portraits of Lloyd George and Lord Rosebery to a more grateful subject in "Disraeli: Alien Patriot". Disraeli he admires for two reasons: he is the one unquestionable genius among British statesmen of his age, and the one statesman since Lord Burleigh who regarded foreign affairs with a universal, not a merely insular, grasp. Yet Mr. Raymond does not believe that his true greatness lies in his statesmanship, and even says that his achievements at the Berlin Congress and in making Victoria the Empress of India will be forgotten while his books and his ideas are still vital. There is something magnificently histrionic in Disraeli's climb to power, as Disraeli amply recognized himself; and Mr. Raymond makes an absorbing and at times dazzling story of it. The duel with Peel and the sudden overthrow of that apparently invincible antagonist could hardly be better narrated. But the cardinal virtue of the book is the skill with which it depicts Disraeli, beneath all disguises, as essentially a Jew, and the persuasiveness with which it shows that both his strength and weakness lay in his alien character. Disraeli presents a fascinating psychological study. The reader may not agree that Mr. Raymond has caught the central clue to the maze, but he will certainly admit that he has made a powerful argument for his theory that the English leader was utterly

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un-English. It is one of the best short biographies of a modern British statesman yet written.

The Life and Letters of John Burroughs. By Clara Barrus. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Howard Pyle: A Chronicle. By Charles D. Abbott. Harper and Brothers.
Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody. Selected and edited by Christina Hopkinson Baker. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Disraeli: Alien Patriot. By E. T. Raymond. George H. Doran Company.

THE MAD METROPOLIS

By Cyril Hume

"MANHATTAN TRANSFER" by John Dos Passos is perhaps the strangest and most unprecedented work of fiction likely to be read this year. It is a book without central characters, or rather a book in which the central character is the setting. It is a novel that might have been imagined by some inspired scene painter who had come to the conviction that human figures are useful only to illustrate and give scale to stage sets. In this case the setting is New York City. A mad apocalyptic New York which many people certainly will refuse to recognize as New York at all. New York seen before dawn by a tenderhearted and tough-minded young poet whose nerves have been strung too taut and whose mind has been led obliquely down strange byways by the city he loves. He sees New York as John of Patmos might have seen it, monstrous, glittering, barbaric, perverse, and overwhelmingly glamorous with loveliness. He sees it, weaving about itself some baffling and insane significance which still, in spite of his fierce inquiries, remains a mystery to him.

I think that Mr. Dos Passos had no less conviction of the importance of his work than did that other craftsman and namesake of his who made a poem of the New Jerusalem. It is evident that Mr. Dos Passos set out to write a great book about what to him appeared the greatest of modern phenomena. How close he came to the accomplishment of his purpose only God and Mr. Dos Passos can know with any certainty. But the book gestures toward greatness with a surging courage which frightened at least one reader permanently out of ever saying that it is not great. Often it flows with the assured, swift footed cadences of the prophecies, with their almost hysteric exultation. And like a prophet, the author seems so convinced of his inspired truthtelling that the most unfriendly and most unsympathetic of readers must pause and say, "I wonder."

In most respects, however, "Manhattan Transfer" is unsired by traditional literary forms. No mannerism has been too bizarre and no technical trick too difficult for Mr. Dos Passos to lay hold upon and try to shape to the structure whose servant he has been. Indeed, he has tricked himself in his eagerness for startling formulas into a superficial imitation of James Joyce. As a result, the superficial will point to his Joycian synthetic words (orange-rinds, handwinches, chamberpot, lanternjawed, etc.) and yawp at him for them. But "Manhattan Transfer" is no "Ulysses" hash. Good or bad, it stands of its own strength, the child of a fine intelligence and a brilliant imagination.

A strange book. It will make stupid people angry. It will put dull wits asleep. Why! There is no consecutive narrative to it. And sometimes Mr. Dos Passos has dared to sully the lips of his taxi drivers with that polysyllable which hints at canine parent-

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age. Characters drift in and out of its swarming pages as they might drift through a subway station. And none of the characters individually matter much. The book, like the city whose image it is, could spare any one of them.

> The sun's moved to Jersey, the sun's behind Hoboken.
> Covers are clicking on typewriters, roll top desks are closing; elevators go up empty, come down jammed. It's ebbtide in the downtown district, flood in Flatbush, Woodlawn, Dyckman Street, Sheepshead Bay, New Lots Avenue, Canarsie. . . .
> It's ebbtide on Wall Street, floodtide in the Bronx.
> The sun's gone down in Jersey.

Which is poetry such as Vachel Lindsay might have written before going into vaudeville. That is at once the strength and the weakness of "Manhattan Transfer". From beginning to end it is a poet's job. Not a novel, a lyric. Mr. Dos Passos has seen rather than interpreted. He has looked upon New York in the dazzling beam of his own imagination. The highlights are brilliant, but there are many spaces of empty shadow. Poet-like, Mr. Dos Passos is blind to whatever does not interest him. He sees only the picturesque, and sees even that with an illuminating and Dürer-like grotesqueness. To him New York is a thing of dreadful and evil majesty, appallingly big beyond any of its own details. He sees only its crime and violence and passion and abomination and that harsh beauty which strikes sometimes like a sword through the repellent confusion. The book is as humorless as the "Ode to a Grecian Urn". His characters are, in the main, crooks, perverts, drunkards, pimps, prostitutes, coke eaters, bootleggers, taxi drivers, firebugs, abortionists, and assassins. These make up Mr. Dos Passos's poet-idea of New York but they do not make a picture of New York. "Manhattan Transfer" is not a portrait. It is an opinion. Babylon holding the cup of her abominations, evil but compelling with beauty. But Mr. Dos Passos has forgotten, or perhaps has never thought much of, all those dull people in clubs; all the humdrum people in apartments. He has not admitted or possibly perceived the significance of that single taxicab in all the rushing sordid stream in Central Park, that one which like a bubble is a world in itself, containing within its fragile all-excluding walls ecstasy and beauty like a star.

However, no one will deny Mr. Dos Passos the right to suit his subjects to his taste. Still I think it is not presumptuous to complain that he has not meditated enough on what he has seen. Pictures, pictures, pictures. Mr. Dos Passos is an artist and a poet and that is very well, but he becomes less than either when he runs a fire engine back and forward through his pages, not as a symbol but as a substitute for an idea which he has felt without investigating. His fire engines are, I think, employed more or less desperately to impersonate that vague nervous irritation which New York causes in her inhabitants. Which is asking too much of even a fire engine. Mr. Dos Passos has felt but he has failed to express quite intelligibly that awful and mechanical din which harries us day and night in the City, merciless, unrhythmic, maddening. The height of those monstrous buildings we must pass between. Great nerve torturing wheels to right and left of us which spin and spin upward beyond the edges of our vision. . . .

There is a single thing only in "Manhattan Transfer" to cause anyone to make deliberately nasty remarks to Mr. Dos Passos. His use of dialect, wop, mick, kike, nigger, and all, is something for his friends to go into conference about. He might have clipped his dialect conversations from the most

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deplorable of the comic strips. It is childish. It is incompetent. It is ridiculous. And Mr. Dos Passos ought to be ashamed of it. With this exception, however, "Manhattan Transfer" is, from an artistic point of view, a beautiful job. It is difficult to deny the literary merits of passages such as the following:

". . . how many springs ago, walking from the cemetery up the blue macadam road where fieldsparrows sang and the sign said: Yonkers. In Yonkers I buried my boyhood, in Marseilles with the wind in my face I dumped my calf years into the harbor. Where in New York shall I bury my twenties? Maybe they were deported and went out to sea on the Ellis Island Ferry singing the International. . . ."

When all is said, Mr. Dos Passos has made a fit picture of a great city, the mad incomprehensible metropolis of mad incomprehensible America. His picture lives and moves with hectic and enormous gestures. It is a parable beneath whose juggernaut feet small life-trapped people squirm and bleed.

Manhattan Transfer. By John Dos Passos. Harper and Brothers.

GAY BIOGRAPHY

By Roger Burlingame

BIOGRAPHY was once a solemn thing; to achieve the covers of a book about one's life one must have greatness, or at least dignity. In the new trend the convention is happily broken. Lives of vagabonds, of buffoons, of gay vulgarians, still great, perhaps, in their way, but with their greatness unembellished by dignity, are finding the permanence of print. John Marquand's "Lord Timothy Dexter" and Henry Beston's "Book of Gallant Vagabonds" are in the later tradition; the latter, to be sure, having no hero quite so charmingly unimportant as the "first lord of America" chosen by Mr. Marquand.

If Dexter was unimportant, this new book about him is quite the reverse. There is material enough in a tanner of hides who believed himself a lord and the founder of the American nobility; a merchant who, in the prime of American shipping, sold a cargo of warming pans and another of woollen mittens in the tropical West Indies; a tragi-comedian who had the temerity to rehearse and parody his own funeral; a political philosopher who discovered the secret of the League of Nations; a writer who could not spell the simplest word and inserted a page solid with punctuation marks, instructing his readers to "peper and solt it as they plese"; a drunkard, a roisterer, a Falstaff, and withal a shrewd and scrupulously honest man of business; there is material here to make an exceedingly amusing book of its mere record.

But Mr. Marquand has done more than that. Suggesting all the color of the period, the far flung romance of its trade, its people, its international relations, its economic crises, he has painted a background for his hero that is an important contribution to early Americana. It is background, to be sure; Dexter, the superb comedian, holds always the centre of the stage; but what earnest collector of American antiques could pass by Timothy Dexter of Newburyport?

One is never altogether sure how much this writer is veiling burlesque with gravity, but a sense of real, if comically disguised, greatness in the hero is certainly conveyed to the reader. And truly, Mr. Marquand is acquitted by the philosopher's own gorgeously misspelled writings given in full in the appendix. His unquenchable impulse of expression, his generosity, his real

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interest in the good of mankind, his splendid honesty are never quite obscured by his Falstaffian ego, nor are genuine feeling and touching pathos indiscernible in the comic extravaganza. His story cannot be read without conflict of emotions and, surely, it cannot be read without intense enjoyment.

In reading "The Book of Gallant Vagabonds", one wishes for more of the abundant detail which is at times perhaps too abundant in Mr. Marquand's writing. Mr. Beston always whets the appetite but his method does not permit him quite to satisfy it. Yet his book serves an important purpose in introducing his brilliant characters in such a provocative manner that the impulse to look further into their careers is almost irresistible. For most of them further material is easily available. The book is full of the sense of adventure, spirited, quick moving, alive with the color of far lands, the lure of the road and the sea. The vagabonds are not all vagabonds but they are all gallant and all adventurers.

The list includes John Ledyard of Connecticut who sailed with Cook on a voyage of exploration, and later made the journey of fifteen hundred miles from Abo in Finland to St. Petersburg on foot and afterward crossed Siberia behind "wild Tartar horses"; Belzoni, who opened the pyramid of Chephren and attempted to cross the African desert to Timbuktu; Edward John Trelawny, better known, perhaps, for his friendship with Shelley, whose piratical and soldier of fortune activities were mysterious and exciting; Thomas Morton of Merry Mount, one of the earliest Americans, and his tragic clashes with the Puritans of Plymouth; James Bruce the Scot, whose adventurous spirit carried him to Abyssinia and the head waters of the Nile and brought him into conflict with strange potentates; finally Arthur Rimbaud in whom much interest has lately revived, the boy poet who mysteriously disappeared from Paris and entered upon real vagabondage (omitting, happily, the grosser passages).

About all these persons the reader wants to know more. With most of them many readers are already familiar. To those who are not, Mr. Beston has done a real service in these introductions. In those who are he has certainly piqued further curiosity. In any case he has effected in this reader that gratifying sense always produced by bold romance. If his writing has not the balanced and beautiful style which makes Mr. Marquand a more finished biographer, it still has the vividness essential to any narrative of gallant vagabondage.

Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Massachusetts. By J. P. Marquand. Minton, Balch and Company.

The Book of Gallant Vagabonds. By Henry Beston. George H. Doran Company.

WEST INDIAN ROMANCE

By Vincent Starrett

HALDANE MACFALL, the British art critic, again is in the public eye, and for the same reason that brought him to sudden, flaming notice as long ago as the year 1898. That is to say, "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer" again has found a publisher. One may be allowed the hope that, this time, Major Macfall's *arrival* is not untimely, and that his great novel, reprinted after many years, at last has come to stay. The book's vicissitudes have been extraordinary. Hailed as a masterpiece by a few daring critics of

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the late Nineties, it fell from sight when the London publisher burned out and failed to reprint. It was not until 1913 that a second edition was placed upon the market, by another publisher; and again a shout went up from the handful of critics whose business it was to serve the cause of literature; but the majority of the commentators were silent or bewildered, and for a second time the novel failed to make its way. Now again, in the year of grace 1925, "Jezebel" makes her third appearance, in the handsome trappings of the Blue Jade Library, and never has she been more attractively appareled. Meanwhile, the legend of the reckless lady's amorous career has grown, and the collectors of the world have paid liberally for copies of her first appearance in print. It may be that, at long last, "Jezebel" and her chronicler are to have their day. No more curious and deserving work of art ever courted public approval.

"Jezebel Pettyfer" is of the long line of picaresque romances; possibly it is the last of the genre. It records the amazing career of a West Indian Negress of amiable morals, and of Jehu Sennacherib Dyle, her first recorded lover, later known as "Masheen" Dyle because of his theft of a sewing machine. Unscrupulous and unblushing, the saffron picaro progresses through vagabond youth to disreputable middle age, and the successive love affairs of Jezebel Pettyfer keep step with his astonishing adventures. Major Macfall, once an officer in a British regiment of Jamaican Zouaves, neither moralizes nor explains; he merely records, and the result is something epic and unexplainable, a novel in ten thousand. The book combines uproarious humor and blinding pathos, without sentimentality and without caricature. It is a tumultuous picture of lives genuinely lived by the prototypes of the numerous characters, a bewildering and incredible chronicle done with infinite humanity and tolerance, and with a gusto and a veracity that are rare indeed. The chapters of voodoo are vivid revelations, and the scene in which Huckleback is killed by the English sailor probably stands alone in English fiction.

For years this extraordinary novel has been the especial delight and treasure of literary connoisseurs. Whatever may be its fate upon this, its third appearance before the public, it is certain that its clandestine celebrity will continue, and that it will be a monument to its author long after he has ceased to wonder about the whims and fancies of popular acclaim.

The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer. By Haldane Macfall. Alfred A. Knopf. (Blue Jade Library.)

LÉON DAUDET IN PERSON

By Stanley Olmsted

IN an introductory line, brief as a telegram, the publisher bids those who would delve more deeply go to the original six volumes of Léon Daudet's memoirs. The erstwhile whiplash of the extreme Right of the Chamber — eclectic physician-politician-litterateur, reared amid the whorl of every Parisian species, statesman, stage person, scientist, or stylist, thronging the various home nests of a beloved fiction writing father — this lad of a perhaps too variegated talent has been careful to sow these six volumes with a certain leisurely caution, like the dragon's teeth they might well prove to be. A mere little bomb of a volume every two years or so, beginning with 1913. Cadmus would not have too many armed warriors spring at once from his

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Royalist soil, so feverishly tilled. Or perhaps too many duelists — though he is quite accustomed to that!

These whilom selections represent an amazing tact of deletion, no less than apperception, on the part of the translator and editor. They read along with the smooth, unbroken diversity of a good raconteur's post-matutinal chat among good fellows. Yet (as Lord Douglas said of the version of Wilde's "De Profundis" best known to the public) "here is a mere discreet culling of very elegant excerpts". Elegant indeed. The word is weak, but the sense of it in the Griggs-Daudet reader is strong.

Nor will an audience of casual Anglo-Saxons or Uncle-Samians, with little French or none, lack their coveted tabasco of timeliness and newsiness. This fastidious, pugnacious, rapier-keen, often dull-reasoning and lunging reactionary is now challenging his own chauvinistic and rather over-worshiped *Patrie* for what he deems the murder of his, theoretically suicide, adolescent son. Here, from all the Léon Daudet processional, is but a single banner, pieced together and flung, for other shows overseas. But what a banner! Compelling the most un-uplifted eye that ever hurried toward a subway booth. Even when beaten upon, and too often, by the annalist's own prejudices: as by driving rain too crudely drenching not to be obvious! Barbara Frietchie's tattered flag for the "kingly" Duc d'Orléans drips entertainment royal and purple, even as it goes logically limp.

Early in these excerpts one encounters that famed confession of open mindedness: "I nothing extenuate, *nor set down aught in malice* (*sic!*) and these papers will have at least one merit *in the reader's eyes*, a faithful precision." Italics not there, of course. They are here added in token of at least one reader's faith that in his own eye was nothing green. Everyone will perceive at once how a certain playful young British writer has done his own italicizing. He called *his* book "Set Down in Malice", imitated the Daudet idiom much as Elsie Janis might imitate Jack Barrymore, raked the London art area, and cashed in. Big sales. Good vaudeville. . . .

The tone-deafest ear catches the tonality in the opening paragraph. Ernest Renan embraces the Daudet white headed boy at a Lycée Commencement in 1880 and is described by that boy, musing backward in 1913, as "looking exactly like an elephant who has lost his trunk". Catulle Mendès is also in the Daudet family vicinity. He had "not yet become repulsive . . . but already there floated about him that smell of ether and mucilage that made him so impossible in later years". A few pages more and one listens to reverential contemplation of the majesty of Victor Hugo (young Daudet was married, for a wee bit, to his granddaughter) keeping his daily expense account, at eighty. A penurious account, tallied to the last centime. A repetitious item was "40 francs" — always set down to "charity". Investigation discovers that "charity" was but another proof of vital forces "unimpaired until death"; and it would appear that the Deified Patriarch liked them young.

Delicious, of course. And it goes on and on. They're all there. A boiling potpourri of the Big and the Little. Now and then the little trap with its notched fangs is moved aside, that the trappist may rhapsodize over some luckier human animal, soft furred, sharp taloned, gazelle eyed, or agile or beautiful. Madame de Loynes, for instance, with her salon well fed and

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fervent for the *ancien régime* as young Léon himself grew, in time, to be fervent. Alphonse Daudet, the centrifugal Sire, ever seismic beneath the spleen — a gentle undertow under yeasty scumming. Plainly the sometimes acrid, pampered lad would be nice to English writers. Henry James, showing him London, George Meredith, giving him good wine, would seem *almost* to share the infatuation inspired by the glory of the Duc d'Orléans who cannot so much as be looked upon without "sobs arising in the throat". Very naturally, the ultimate wisdom of Charles Maurras, before which this son of a Daudet was to kneel and pray in due season, is pæaned in passages of a lyricism equally ultimate. *Ça va sans dire.*

All as tasty as a camembert, for the un-annoyed palate. Outstanding amid the welter of utter non-maliciousness are two pet abominations: Emile Zola and Edmond Rostand. Weird liaison of Caliban and Calypso in a unity of contempt — they reenter from cover to cover like a leitmotif, but only with Calypso does the olfactory catch, somehow, a betraying whiff. Can it be envy? For Caliban-Zola, at least, the aversion is sound; healthy repugnance; frock coat tails ever being drawn aside lest they brush the fetidness.

No masterpiece of the atrabilious was ever in finer form, however, than the Hugo funeral scene — that pomp of pimps, joy ladies, and catamites carousing around the Olympian bier under the Arc de Triomphe. Only in the final two chapters does the "Royalist Hero" emerge into a quite definite stature of the proportions he has given himself — unconsciously reassuring the rather dazed reader that not one word of any of it need be taken with any grain of conviction. On his very final page, Maurras's most militant disciple says to you (with that Duc d'Orléans sob): "Now that I have become a sincere Christian *I believe in the intercession of the dead to hasten the return of the King.*" Alas, that a final paragraph, a final summing up, should catch the diabolist at his driveling.

Memoirs of Léon Daudet. Edited and translated by Arthur Kingsland Griggs. The Dial Press.

AMERICAN FIGURES FROM TWO CENTURIES

By C. Hartley Grattan

INCREASE MATHER is one of the major hobgoblins of the anti-Puritans. Against the background of seventeenth century New England he stands out stark and bold. Puritan minister, politician, diplomat, and educator he admittedly was to the superlative degree, but according to his enemies, in every department of his activities he was a narrow reactionary. In him, say they, we have the apotheosis of all that is obscene and horrible in the Puritan mind. And only one cut below in the scale is his favorite son, Cotton. Well, like all popular ideas, this one appears to be false. Kenneth Ballard Murdock of the Harvard English faculty has written the first full length portrait of Increase, and in doing so he has both constructed a true portrait of an extraordinary man, and been an iconoclast. He has destroyed the major portion of the mythology about his subject. According to Mr. Murdock it appears that, in the light of seventeenth century standards, Increase was a tolerant minister, a skilful politician whose standard was the general welfare and not the welfare of his church alone, a diplomat governed by

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the same broad standards, and an educator who sought no more than any convinced denominationalist would have in a similar situation. He sought to make Harvard solidly Congregationalist, the stronghold of the Congregationalist faith, and he was justified in doing so because Harvard was founded by the Congregationalists. Mr. Murdock further makes it clear that we today have little realization of the seriousness with which a convinced Congregationalist of the seventeenth century regarded his religious ideas. To him Congregationalism was not simply a variety of religious opinion. It was the revealed Truth, and he was prepared to battle for it on every occasion, and it inevitably colored his judgment in all other fields. What Mr. Murdock has not succeeded in doing is convincing one that Mather was a man who cultivated a scientific attitude. He has not entirely wiped the blot of witchcraft from his subject's robe, nor has he tried to. And he has not convinced one that Puritanism was not a philosophy hostile to the best interests of the human mind, nor has he tried to. In knocking down incorrect ideas about Increase Mr. Murdock has often jockeyed himself into indefensible positions, and in presenting all that is favorable to his subject he has revealed a bias by his frequent overstatement of the significance of the evidence. Nevertheless one cannot read the book without rabidly revising one's facile judgment of a maligned man.

J. Hector St. John de Crèvecœur was an entirely different type of man. In him the emotions and not the intellect predominate. He was rather skeptical of New England virtues. His experience of American life extended from Canada to South Carolina, and for a period he was a farmer in New York State. A Tory during the Revolution, he fled to England during the war, crossed to France, and associated himself with the group that hovered around Rousseau's friend Comtesse d'Houtetot. After the Revolution he was for a time French Consul at New York. The contradiction of this Frenchman's being a Tory is partially explained by the fact that he was of aristocratic training and naturally went with the aristocratic party. He has long been known as the author of one of the few books of the American eighteenth century worth reading, "The Letters of an American Farmer". Under the editorship of Messrs. Williams, Bourdin, and Gabriel some recently discovered writings by Crèvecœur have been published for the first time. These new papers amplify our respect for Crèvecœur. He here presents the harsh and cruel sides of the American farmer's lot: cold (in the northern colonies), bugs, blight, drought, frost, and so on. He enumerates and describes the farm implements in general use. In a paper entitled "Reflections on the Manners of the Americans" he sketches the procedure followed in settling new areas and unconsciously gives the environmental basis of American individualism. His story of a snowstorm stands along with Whittier's "Snow-Bound". These papers, and others not mentioned, obviously fit into the "Letters". Of very great interest and importance are the papers which give pragmatic evidence of Crèvecœur's Loyalism. These sketches are by far the most vivid contemporary documents setting forth the sufferings of the Loyalists that I have ever seen. In them, as one of the editors points out, Crèvecœur seems to hint that the Revolution was quite as much an uprising of the poor farmers against the wealthy farmers as anything else. This opinion will be given instant assent by critical American historians. Indeed

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Crèvecœur is rather caustic about the Colonist professions of principles. This new collection should consolidate Crèvecœur's reputation. But why have the selections printed in "The Yale Review" for April, 1925, and in "The Nation", number 3,142, not been reprinted here?

Increase Mather. By Kenneth Ballard Murdock. Harvard University Press.

Sketches of Eighteenth Century America. By St. John de Crèvecœur. Edited by Henri L. Bourdin, Ralph H. Gabriel, and Stanley T. Williams. Yale University Press.

THREE BOOKS OF VERSE

By Babette Deutsch

THE three books which are to be considered briefly here are utterly unlike. The only quality they have in common is that of being, each on a distinct plane, fairly representative of a definite kind of poetry. "Greek Coins", the posthumous volume by George Cram Cook, is verse into which the poet has poured whatever was in him of philosophy, of metaphysical unrest and groping disabled faith. "Golden Pheasant" by Kathryn White Ryan is little more than a loose bag of impressions, the spoil of visual memories and percipient emotion. "The Road to Town" by Charles Divine is, in the author's own words, an "attempt to make some poetic picture of an American community, its life, beauty, and romance". All three modes are capable of a rich yield, at their best, and their best would be, I should say, the introspective convolute wisdom of E. A. Robinson, H. D.'s images, clear cut as cameos, and the pithy commonplaces of Robert Frost. The perfection achieved by the older poets is hailed at a distance by the authors of these three books. They are interesting for their approach and intention, rather than for their accomplishment.

Of the three, the most moving is George Cram Cook's, the most poetic is Kathryn White Ryan's, and the most ambitious is Charles Divine's. It is difficult to appraise "Greek Coins" fairly, because, the author of it having died recently in the prime of life, the tragedy of his passing adds an adventitious emotional value to these always sincere if not always well wrought lyrics. Perhaps the finest poetry in the whole volume is in Susan Glaspell's short prose tribute to her husband's memory — the passages in which she speaks of how he "went to Greece, not leaving reality, but seeking it"; of how he scolded the waiter for serving his egg in a cup ornamented with a picture of the Eiffel Tower, and how they fell into talk about what Greece could give a man in place of Eiffel Towers, and how they became friends, George Cram Cook and Athanasius, the Greek waiter, sitting under the plane tree by the Castalian Spring; of how he lived with the shepherds on Parnassos, in huts of spruce boughs, and built stone stairways and walls for future mountaineers to lean against and cherish; and then of how he died, of a sickness he got from a dog he was trying to save, and how the shepherds came to his funeral, playing their pipes for him as they carried him through Delphi to his resting place between a temple and a threshing floor. One of the stones fallen from the Temple of Apollo lies upon his grave. And the gift of Apollo that was in the man has gone out of him like a virtue into the shepherds of those mountains. The poetry of living, not the poetry of words, was his, and his poems are great where they catch the reflection of his life, as in these final lines of "At Fifty I Ask God":

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I hear the mountain stream
Pouring in beauty.
That rhythmic water
Does not need to be
More than itself,
But I,
Spirit,
Have no reason for living unless, somehow,
for spirit somewhere,
Life is immortal.

Cook's rough verses derive from his deepest spiritual experiences. Mrs. Ryan seems to care rather for outward and visible beauty. Even for that, she must care a little more intensely in order to create complete poems. Nearly always the images are too closely crowded, the rhymes so rapid that they run into jingles, the thrust of emotion is blunted by an overstrained originality, or by a carelessness of cadence. One lovely thing is "Royal Palms":

They scorn acquaintance with the jungle
moss,
With earth, the promiscuity of many;
They fling afar their shadows with a toss,
As queens do when they throw a penny.
Red suns they know and long thick rains
And skipping stars like romping silver mice.
Curved scimitars they flash to hurricanes;
Soft scarves to sails in search of Paradise.

Mr. Divine has neither the strength of Mr. Cook nor the sensuousness of Mrs. Ryan. His book is a well intentioned pedestrian affair. The author seems to have felt keenly the influence of "Spoon River", and not to have come out from under it. He gives us work less acid than Masters and lacking the powerful reticence of Frost. The volume is prefaced by some fine epigraphs from Whitman, Ervine, Van Doren, de Goncourt, Huneker, Brooks, and Anatole France. These indicate that Mr. Divine knows what he is trying for. Perhaps he will try again.

Greek Coins. Poems by George Cram Cook, with memorabilia by Floyd Dell, Edna Kenton, and Susan Glaspell. George H. Doran Company.
Golden Pheasant. By Kathryn White Ryan. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Road to Town. By Charles Divine. Thomas Seltzer.

SCORN NOW THE SONNET

By Daniel Henderson

SCORN now the sonnet — that enchanted reed
Italia wrought for Will of Avon's art;
Which in his blindness solaced Milton's heart;
Which rallied Sidney in his hour of need;
Which Wordsworth lifted, loveliness to plead;
Whereon Brooke sang the warrior's valorous part
Is now a penny flute in any mart —
Yea, Petrarch's pipe is as a broken weed!

Hark now these quavers — poets their lips setting
To sing moon fancies on the sturdy horn —
Enamored of its glory, and forgetting
This trumpet for sublimity was born!
Hark, how it trembles! Shall we no more hear
The ringing splendor of the sonneteer?

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

IT is wholly impossible, within the compass of a brief review, to do justice to a poem so distinguished as "Two Lives" by William Ellery Leonard (Viking). This is one of those narratives in verse which come not every season, nor even every other season, nor once in five seasons, and which have a fair chance of being read when ninety nine per cent of the literature now being acclaimed has been forgotten even by collectors of the antique. It is one of those poems which cannot be judged by a few lines or by a few pages, but which in their entirety prove irresistible and compelling. Rarely has the story of an unhappy love been recounted with such ringing reality, with such deep and genuine pathos, and with such emotional force and candor. At his best Mr. Leonard rises to a fluent and rousing lyricism seldom equaled in recent literature; and at all times he bears one along inescapably with the poignant intensity and flow of his narrative. America need have no fear for her poetry if she can continue to produce works such as this.

The life story of the late political and reform leader is told with adequacy and justice in "The Memoirs of William Jennings Bryan", by Himself and Mary Baird Bryan (Winston). The first two hundred pages of the stout volume, constituting that portion of his autobiography which Mr. Bryan had completed at the time of his death, form the honest record of his career from childhood till the Baltimore Convention of 1912. It became the task of Mrs. Bryan to take up the writing of the narrative thereafter, and very ably has she accomplished it. Fairness, restraint, a complete understanding of her husband's character and aspirations, as well as the use of material virtually unobtainable by others, render Mrs. Bryan's work eminently readable. There are included a liberal selection of the "Commoner's" most important speeches and official papers, besides an appendix containing the address he was to have delivered as the final argument for the State in the Scopes trial.

To read Konrad Bercovici's absorbing book about the immigrant groups in these United States is to become convinced that this country is not at all the melting pot that visionary sociologists have claimed it to be. "On New Shores" (Century) these definitely marked settlements tend to become as like their home communities as the new environment and the pervading American spirit of progress will allow. During twenty years of traveling over all parts of this country, Mr. Bercovici has studied and noted the changes that have passed over these groups. He believes firmly that enforced Americanization, instead of bringing out the best in the alien, really crushes the strength and blurs the color of the Old World in him. Living in his own way, adjusting himself as best he can to new conditions, but retaining the vigor and flavor of the homeland, the immigrant becomes part of a national mosaic richer for his presence. In time, of course, startling changes appear in the outward life of these people. The parent and child relation, for instance,

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often undergoes a metamorphosis. As the old people die off it is inevitable that some of the younger ones will break away. But, in spite of this, many of these national groups are today compact and efficient, carrying on their social and business relations with wisdom and foresight. It is from communities that have learned how to turn their hereditary skill and knowledge to good ends, rather than from the unwilling aliens forced into ill fitting garments of so called "Americanization", that we may expect the best results.

Seldom have we discovered illustrations more in keeping with the text of a book than the color plates and monotones by A. B. Knapp-Fisher lavishly distributed throughout L. Rice-Oxley's "Oxford Renowned" (Doran). They are rich in the flavor of this City of Dreaming Spires, and seductively they draw one into the confines of this "solemn realm of literature" where the mind is prized as a thing more valuable than matter. Yet the outward symbols are there today as they were in the days of Addison or Milton, and the author does not overlook the Gothic splendor of Magdalen Tower, the paths of St. John's gardens, or the sumptuous simplicity of Christ Church Meadows while he traces history, in the precincts of philosophy, religion, or poetry, as it was made here in this quiet eddy by the banks of the winding Thames. We wish that all historians so completely understood the interrelation of the dead past and the living present.

"Everybody talkin' 'bout Heav'n ain't goin' there". . . .For untold centuries Jews, celebrating Passover in a land of persecution, have prayed that they might eat their next paschal meal in Jerusalem. Ludwig Lewisohn, before he entered the promised land, journeyed through the countries where his fellow Jews still eat the bread of bitterness. "Israel" (Boni, Liveright) is full of this longing for Zion from Galuth, the dwelling of the Gentiles. Those who have read "Upstream" will remember that Ludwig Lewisohn never became part of the society whose life he tried to live, whose literature he loved, in which he had his existence. And Israel, as he views it, is a nation of Lewisohns destined to move in an alien world, crying aloud in the wilderness. He realizes that Palestine cannot contain the Jewish race, that his people cannot fulfil their destiny in that little corner of the world, no matter how they develop it. So he would have his beloved race function as a peculiar people, the bearers of a gospel of pacifism, of social justice — as friends of mankind, proclaimers of liberty and peace. It hardly matters whether this program is either practical or desirable. It is a beautiful ideal.

"Forty Years of It" (Appleton) is Brand Whitlock's story of his career in American political life. It is a fine record of what can be done for a great municipality by men of vision, energy, and independence, the sort of men New York and Chicago need so badly. Nothing in the book indicates that "a business man for mayor" would cure such evils if he were bound to a political machine. Whitlock was a lawyer and journalist before he became Mayor of Toledo, and he guided his actions by the example of those two unbusinesslike business men in office — "Golden Rule" Jones and Tom Johnson. Such public service is for him who is satisfied to accept self respect and a consciousness of having been useful as a reward.

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In contrast to Brand Whitlock's autobiography is that of Frederic C. Howe, "The Confessions of a Reformer" (Scribner). The two books cover much the same scene and time. Howe's career began in Cleveland as a follower of Tom Johnson, about the time that Brand Whitlock in Toledo was following the footsteps of Sam Jones. If the former's story is less good humored than the latter's, his insight is keener. Howe's story takes us further — to the long and bitter struggle to humanize Ellis Island — on the wild goose chase to Paris with the Peace Commission — and on to the beginnings of the Farmer Labor movement. Both Howe and Whitlock have worked hard for what they believed right in political life. Both seem well satisfied to be out of it all.

It seems that Hilaire Belloc is to crown his honorable writings with an historical work of fairly monumental scope. The first volume of his "A History of England" (Putnam), which is to run to four, follows his country's fortunes to 1066, and is so charged with the author's special point of view that the completed whole is certain to rank with the few highly individualized biographies of England. Mr. Belloc calls attention in his preface to his own combination of considerable detail of narrative and date with markedly Bellocian general theses, as, "that religion is the determining force of society, that the inhabitants of this island were never greatly changed in stock by any invasion; that its institutions derive not from an imaginary barbaric German ancestry, but from known and recorded Roman civilization." The religious thread is emphasized throughout, but by virtue of the author's mastery of narrative, the arguments, accounts of heresies and schisms, and frequent surveys of church conditions at home and abroad, detract no whit from the stark, clearly outlined picture of pagan and early Catholic England. If it may seem to some that Mr. Belloc's mighty scorn for "mere guesswork" or undocumented history is hard to reconcile with his own personal speculations and his fondness for documents unacceptable to many, the important point is that Cassivellaunus and Cymbeline and Cogidubnus, King of Sussex, emerge as living as Julius Cæsar himself when in August, 55 B.C., he "dropped out of Boulogne harbor on the ebb-tide" for Dover. The story is as fascinating as only history can be when it is superbly told. It is, moreover, pleasantly opinionated. "It is all nonsense", cries the author of certain orthodox views about Edmund Ironside in the eleventh century. And, such is the power of a cogent style, the reader thinks very likely it is.

"The Craft of Literature" by W. E. Williams (International) appears to be a predigested short cut to the royal road of literature for the general reader and the well intentioned student. It does not pretend to the dignity of a history of literature; it is rather a critical survey of all the usual modes taken in historical sequence, pointing out the way with illustrative quotations. In 180 pages the author covers the growth and form of ballad, epic, lyric, drama, essay, novel, and short story, not omitting more general chapters on rhythm and language, and the province of prose. Mr. Williams is evidently an exponent of capsule education.

There is a feeling that Margaret Widdemer must have employed some trick to produce "Ballads and Lyrics" (Harcourt, Brace). She achieves such

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touching effect with such simple means. It was not always so with her. She was accused of being labored, awkward, and occasionally harsh in her previous work. In her preface to this book, she apologizes for being unlyrical at times. She need not. There is music in her lines.

Ernest Barker who wrote the introduction to "Three Master Builders and Another" (Lippincott) diverted himself by guessing who *Another* was. Pelham H. Box has drawn four portraits — of Lenin, Venizelos, Mussolini, and Wilson. Wilson and Venizelos are taken as representatives of the liberal tradition, the other two of the anti-liberal trend. Mussolini and Venizelos are portrayed as types of each movement acting on a national scale; Wilson and Lenin as the international prototypes. Mr. Box, however, does not go so far as to classify Lenin and Venizelos as specimens of those statesmen who wear whiskers, as contrasted with Wilson and Mussolini who are clean shaven. In fact, once Mr. Box frees himself from the arbitrary distinctions of his preface, he writes four readable biographies of four interesting lives.

Arthur Weigall was inspector of antiquities in Egypt, and hence is in a strategic position to acquire the latest information as soon as it is unearthed. The first volume of his "A History of the Pharaohs" (Dutton) covers the first eleven dynasties. It is superbly illustrated. He tells the story of ancient times for the gentle reader, without the pedantry of Petrie or the patronizing simplicity of Breasted. He unveils the mysteries of Egyptology to the layman, and explains the technique of deciphering inscriptions. With the cleverness of a cross word addict, he has reconstructed the Palermo Stone, and contends that he has worked out a more exact chronology. Fundamentalists will be interested in his statement that the dates usually assigned to the Biblical stories of Abraham and Joseph seem to agree with Egyptian sources.

A narrative of courage, endurance, and achievement is Sir Edward Cook's story of "Florence Nightingale", which has been revised by Rosalind Nash for presentation in a one volume edition (Macmillan). We meet a young, attractive, popular society girl, secretly consumed by an ambition quite outside the whirl of social events which is supposed to make up her life — an ambition to care for the suffering and the hurt — an "impossible" ambition, which she makes come true. The contrast of restless, frustrated youth with contented, responsible maturity, of vigorous fulfilment with frail old age, is striking. It grips the imagination, and the admiration, too. It bestows on Florence Nightingale the kind of heroism she might have tolerated — a simple kindly courage given to others' welfare in a life of unobtrusive service. Fight she could, when she had to, but always in others' behalf; never for self glory. All who love a brave story and a simple one will welcome this new edition of a great work.

George Perrigo Conger's "A Course in Philosophy" (Harcourt, Brace) runs to 600 pages, each of which should give aid and comfort to any person who is in the least philosophically minded, whether he knows it or not. The author, an assistant professor at the University of Minnesota, has successfully attempted to provide an introduction to his subject at once useful to

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the beginner and to those who feel that they are more advanced. Early in part one, which is entitled "The Distinctive Marks of Philosophical Problems", the "general reader" is likely to discover that he has been philosophizing all his life, and to go on to the sections on "A Brief Survey of the History of Philosophy" and "An Analysis of Philosophical Theories". While it is completely furnished with paraphernalia for the classroom, Professor Conger's work seems at the same time specially suitable for the independent browser who is none too sure of his own and other people's opinions about such things as epistemology, Plato, normative disciplines, monadic categories, Pantheism, parallelism, and sin. Appendix C alone, comprising a bibliography for a working library, not to speak of the author's generous hints and directions for further study, should recommend the book to all in search of a philosophic guide.

If John Russell McCarthy were to indulge in a rigorous process of sifting in order to single out the best poems included in "For the Morning" (Doubleday, Page), he would have a collection which, while thin, would be certain of attracting the poetry lover. In his happier moods, Mr. McCarthy has a delightful lyric strain and sings simply and refreshingly of the trees and hills and waters; in his less fortunate moments, he is not infrequently prosy and uninspired. It is as a poet of nature that he is most successful; he is thoroughly at home in the out of doors, and hears in the winds and rivers and forests a message which he embodies in verse that is not only pleasantly musical but moving and sincere.

Albert Mordell probably could argue down any unspecialized critic rash enough to question the authorship of any of the ninety or so items in his sizable two volume gathering of Lafcadio Hearn's newspaper sketches and essays entitled "Occidental Gleanings" (Dodd, Mead.) In fixing the origin of each of the hitherto uncollected pieces, Mr. Mordell, who is an able Hearn scholar, was guided, when external sources failed, by "characteristics of style, favorite words and expressions, allusions to similar incidents or facts in different essays, peculiarities of punctuation, reference to pet authors and books, and other internal evidence". The first volume contains material contributed from 1872 to 1878 to the Cincinnati "Enquirer" and the Cincinnati "Commercial", including ten of the Ozias Midwinter letters written to the "Commercial" from New Orleans, while the second includes articles from five other publications dated up to 1886. The pieces range from Hearn's earliest identified newspaper work — an unfavorable review of Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette" — to a blood red description of a slaughter house, from pictures of the lower depths to delicate speculations upon curious lore. There are observations upon every "ology" known at the time, light Stevensonian essays, Arabic subjects which recall the prose poems of later days, sections devoted to education, science, sociology, music, Jews, Creoles, and what not — all interesting, in view of their authorship. Mr. Mordell concludes his readable introduction upon an ethical note. He feels that "Occidental Gleanings" proves that Hearn "did not have much leisure time for dissipation or low company".

It cost Columbus $2,115 to discover America, including all charges for equipment of the fleet, upkeep of the

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General Staff, food and wages of the crew, arms and ammunition. Some 426 years later the inhabitants of the new land sent a punitive expedition to Europe at an outlay of $32,080,266,968. These bits of information taken from the first page of "Our Naval Heritage" (Century) by Lieutenant Commander Fitzhugh Green, U. S. N., give a fair idea of the author's pretty skill in the arrangement of facts. The rest of the volume adds the other virtues proper to a racy and vigorous account of ships and sailors from the earliest times, with especial reference to the United States. It is characteristic of Commander Green's wide reaching method that before he describes our fighting exploits from the days of wooden ships through the world war, he takes occasion to mention the ancient custom of hanging baskets of snakes on the ends of poles and dropping them to the enemy's decks when he came alongside, presumably to bite as well as to frighten the opposing tars. Beginning with tales of the first Atlantic voyagers, Commander Green passes on to rovers, pirates, famous disasters and mysteries, and the evolution of shipbuilding by way of a background for a history of the American navy which has, according to announcement, "been read and checked by the Navy Department". The author's love of romantic sea lore and the old sailing ships is evident, yet his no less enthusiastic recital of the newer days and ways indicates that he would not agree with the ancient mariner quoted on one of his pages who, upon viewing a modern dreadnaught, exclaimed, "Smart as hell — but 'tain't sea-going!" The author is discreet on the subject of limitation of armament, although he mentions Japan several times. He does not hesitate to deplore the wasting away of our merchant marine.

General von Hoffmann, Chief of the German General Staff on the Eastern Front, in his volume of memoirs, "The War of Lost Opportunities" (International), tells with exact detail the history of the Teutonic campaigns in East Prussia, Russia, Galicia, and Poland. The work is clearly valuable for its unbiased knowledge and accuracy, though it too often falls victim to the author's painstaking alibis and "if's". Its concluding 50 pages, dealing with the Peace of Brest-Litovsk, in which the General played a prominent and difficult rôle, are by far the most interesting and enlightening for the non-military reader.

"The Constitution at the Crossroads" by Edward A. Harriman (Doran) is defined as "a study of the legal aspects of the League of Nations, the permanent organization of Labor, and the permanent Court of International Justice". It is a compact, broadly enlightening work, designed to clarify and inform the mind of the general reader on the momentous subjects it discusses, without attempting to suggest conclusions which our own government should follow. The World Alliance for the Preservation of International Peace, as that cause is promoted by the Covenant of the League of Nations, has never known a more lucid analytical interpretation than is to be found in the present volume.

What ho, ye lovers of dogs! Here is a literary feast to your liking. Many anthologies of poetry, stories, and plays have been compiled, but it has remained for Charles Wright Gray to delight us with a collection of the best yarns about "Dawgs!"(Holt). The critics may ponder long to determine just what literary quality D. H. Law-

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rence, Booth Tarkington, Don Marquis, and O. Henry have in common. Mr. Gray has discovered a more important similarity among them as men, a love of dogs. Each has lent the excellence of his artistry to weaving a human tale about a dog. Among the fifteen contributors to the book are *the* important writers of the day. It is dedicated to the dogs' friend, Albert Payson Terhune, and to him must go credit for the most realistic story "The Grudge", although Elsie Singmaster's "A Pair of Lovers" has a touch of magic.

It is good to read a versifier who works in complicated patterns and works successfully. Such is Anne Goodwin Winslow. But there is nothing of Swinburne or the artificiality of the old French forms in her work. The poems in "The Long Gallery" (Harcourt, Brace) are in the modern style — rhymed in stanzas that are part of the thought. There are a number of translations from the Italian and from the Greek, and several with classical themes. Some of the latter will hold no charm for the unfortunate readers who have to spell out the Greek words in them letter by letter.

There is a pleasant, illuminative vein of whimsical surmise running through J. B. Priestley's "The English Comic Characters" (Dodd, Mead). For example, beginning with Bottom of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as chronologically the first of the great Shakespearian comic figures, Mr. Priestley reads between the lines, and volunteers his suspicion that somewhere in the background Bottom "has a shrewish wife who spends her time alternately seeing through her husband and being taken in by him". Sir Toby Belch's ("Twelfth Night") famous retort "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, that there are no more cakes and ale?", is used, irrelevantly perhaps, as the excuse for a dig at the modern reformer. Falstaff, naturally, dominates the gallery of Shakespearian portraits. Henry Fielding and Laurence Sterne are represented respectively by Parson Adams of "Joseph Andrews", and the Brothers Shandy; and Dickens by the Wellers, father and son, Dick Swiveller, and Mr. Micawber. Less familiar than these to the average reader are Jane Austen's Mr. Collins, and the Prince Seithenyn of Thomas Love Peacock's "The Misfortunes of Elphin".

Jesse R. Grant's reminiscences "In the Days of My Father" (Harper) disclose the great soldier during the twenty supremely active and fruitful years of his career, from Civil War times to his retirement from public life in 1880. The period which his son recalls with enduring distinctness includes the events surrounding the assassination of Lincoln, the Grant family's eight years' residence in the White House, the tour of the world which followed the conclusion of Grant's second term as president. Always the devoted admirer and inseparable companion of his father, the author draws upon a rich and varied store of intimate recollections such as only the closeness of their relationship could engender. The work is written in collaboration with Henry Francis Granger, and, though it makes no claim to historic importance, has an authentic value for the lively and illuminating glimpses it reveals of the most commanding American of his time.

Although she treats the old themes in a way that is not particularly individual or new, Elizabeth Scollard

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has a singing strain and a facility of expression that will recommend her to the discerning reader. The poems included in "Candle and Cross" (Mosher) deal mostly with the traditional subjects of beauty and love, of roses and the sea and autumn woods; but they are evidently the expression of a genuine and sincere impulse, an impulse that finds embodiment in a careful technique. In places, indeed, one will note a trace of crudity, as when the author becomes so banal as to speak of "the ecstasy of fond hearts reunited"; but such lapses into prose are relatively rare, and on the whole Miss Scollard writes with an even and smooth flowing lyricism.

Ida M. Tarbell in her biography, "The Life of Elbert H. Gary" (Appleton), brings to light the much needed truth about a modern captain of industry whose financial character and ethics have for a quarter of a century been the victim of popular distrust and misunderstanding. The documented facts, herein published, of his career as Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation since its foundation in 1901, prove that he has been the restraining, single beneficent force in its sometimes questionable activities. It was due in great measure to the sagacious integrity of Judge Gary, his wholehearted honesty and obdurate wisdom, that United States Steel avoided the wreck toward which his earlier, predatory associates sought recklessly to steer. Miss Tarbell's book renders a valuable service in establishing indisputably the commercial rectitude of its subject's long and distinguished life.

There is a wealth of sound and brilliant critical writing in Horace James Bridges's volume of essays on ethical, philosophical, literary, and religious subjects, "The God of Fundamentalism" (Covici). The tone of each is guided by a liberal and scholarly logic in union with a keenly active, fertile mind that could scarcely have found more congenial materials on which to work than those embodied in the opening essay and the five following. They are entitled: "Thomas Henry Huxley: A Centenary Tribute", "Mr. Clarence Darrow on Mechanism and Irresponsibility", "Mr. Hilaire Belloc on the Jewish Problem", "Erasmus and the Reformation", "Joseph Conrad: A Memorial Tribute".

Walter Dexter's "The England of Dickens" (Lippincott) is a companion volume to "The London of Dickens" and "The Kent of Dickens", and completes the trilogy intended as a kind of topographical guidebook to the works of Boz. Mr. Dexter has gone very carefully over the ground — so carefully, indeed, that the venturesome reader who attempts to cover the pages without a map of the territory is likely to become bewildered by the number and variety of the inns at which Mr. Pickwick descended on the famous journey to Bath, and to mix up to his despair the routes traversed by Copperfield, Bill Sikes, Nicholas Nickleby, Esther Summerson, and the rest on their excursions into the countryside. Such an embarrassment, however, will be spared to those who cherish a sincere regard for accuracy. The author deserves praise for his painstaking research.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

It is human nature to worry over conditions which do not exist. Thus, for example, a worthy but alarmist professor recently occupied front page newspaper space with lamentations for the passing of the English classics. And because the reports of books currently in demand, of which the veracious chronicle below is one, concern themselves only with volumes on which the ink is as yet hardly dry, he seemed to have ground for his assertion. Yet Dickens, Thackeray, and their kind, are the books most steadily and perennially in demand, as the rebinding bills of any public library will prove. They are omitted from such compilations as this because, if they were included, the new books would never get a showing. Every once in a while, no doubt, a new title appears in this score which will achieve similar immortality. It would require a degree of temerity beyond that possessed by the writer, however, to nominate a candidate for the "classic" laurels from among those currently present. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Perennial Bachelor	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER
2.	The Keeper of the Bees	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	The Professor's House	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
4.	Glorious Apollo	*E. Barrington*	DODD
5.	Soundings	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
6.	One Increasing Purpose	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
7.	Queer Judson*	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
8.	The Constant Nymph	*Margaret Kennedy*	DOUBLEDAY
9.	Little Ships	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	A Son of His Father	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
11.	Wild Geese*	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD
12.	The Red Lamp	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN

GENERAL

1.	Twenty-five Years	*Viscount Grey of Fallodon*	STOKES
2.	John Keats	*Amy Lowell*	HOUGHTON
3.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
5.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
6.	The Travel Diary of a Philosopher	*Count Keyserling*	HARCOURT
7.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
8.	Anatole France Himself	*Jean-Jacques Brousson*	LIPPINCOTT
9.	The Life of William Osler	*Harvey Cushing*	OXFORD
10.	Brigham Young	*M. R. Werner*	HARCOURT
11.	Mark Twain's Autobiography	*Samuel L. Clemens*	HARPER
12.	Twice Thirty	*Edward W. Bok*	SCRIBNER

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

The "Tiger" Purrs — Clemenceau's "Life and Times of Demosthenes" — "La Belle Affaire" — A French Novelist Turns to Pig Raising — Two Beautiful Books — The Goncourt Diaries Again — More German Enterprise — Swedish Activity — A German Symposium on Marriage — American Authors in Foreign Languages

AN intriguing collection of anecdotes, epigrams, and witty sayings by Georges Clemenceau, edited by Léon Treich under the title of "L'Esprit de Clemenceau", has been vastly entertaining Paris. It contains many intimate glimpses of the "Tiger" in moods of witty cynicism and blunt humor. Even in the height of good temper there is often a mordant spice to the conversation of the former Prime Minister. It is not difficult to understand why many of his associates were forever in terror of his caustic tongue. Two remarkably interesting letters, first published some time ago in the "Cri de Paris", are included in the volume. In one of them, dated New York, September 6, 1867, Clemenceau expresses his opinions in no uncertain manner regarding the French intervention in Mexico which resulted in the death of "Emperor" Maximilian. The other letter describes his efforts to reenter Paris from Bordeaux during the revolt of the Commune. Had Clemenceau, who at that time was Mayor of Montmartre, succeeded in entering the city, he would almost certainly have been executed by the revolutionaries.

Even more interesting to admirers of Clemenceau is the announcement of the forthcoming publication by Plon-Nourrit of a book by him dealing with the life and times of Demosthenes. The Grand Old Man of French politics establishes a number of striking parallels between Athens in the day of the great orator, threatened by the ambitions of Philip and Alexander, and France, confronted with Hohenzollern Germany. Indeed, he even goes so far as to identify himself, at certain stages of his career, with the author of the Philippics. Clemenceau draws a series of portraits of the contemporaries of Demosthenes which have almost a family likeness to some European statesmen of the present day with whom Clemenceau crossed swords before and during the Peace Conference. Some of those who have been fortunate enough to read the new book in manuscript declare it might very well serve as that autobiography which publishers have for years been tempting Clemenceau to write. Interest abroad in this forthcoming work is considerable. I am told that an American newspaper syndicate has already made a record offer without having seen even a line of the text.

* * * *

What makes crime in all its phases so attractive to the average law abiding citizen of all countries? Do we attempt to satisfy subconscious impulses by devouring books on these unsavory subjects? Yet another contribution to the literature of crime, "La Belle Affaire", has been published by the Nouvelle Revue Française. "*La belle affaire*" is the term used by French

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police court reporters to describe a case which attracts wide public interest. Its English equivalent, curiously enough, is "*cause célèbre*". Henri Vonoven presents a wide variety of such cases. Among his "heroes" figure Pel, forerunner of Landru, the Bluebeard of Gambais; the anarchist Ravachol, whose three bombs provoked a reign of terror in Paris during the spring of 1892; the anarchist Caserio, who two years later assassinated President Carnot at Lyons; Pranzini, who killed three women in one night; and Thérèse Humbert, probably the greatest swindler in the calendar of crime. With such material it is not surprising that "La Belle Affaire" provides as many thrills as the most blood curdling dime novel. Under the head of "miscarriages of justice" Vonoven presents an admirably clear résumé of the celebrated Dreyfus case, still the object of bitter controversy in certain quarters in France. Throughout the volume he assumes an air of detachment that enhances the tragic and sordid atmosphere of his narratives. "La Belle Affaire" can be unhesitatingly recommended to all whose mental recreation is provided by thrillers of the type of "The Man with the Club-Foot", "Dr. Fu Manchu", or "Craig Kennedy".

* * * *

The lot of the present day French novelist, like that of the transgressor, is hard. On the one hand there is a distinct decline in the sale of fiction, on the other the higher cost of living, the depreciation of the franc, increasing taxes — and Draconian contracts imposed by publishers who are themselves having a hard time to make both ends meet. To be sure, the price of the ordinary novel has been raised lately from 6.75 francs to 9 francs, involving of course a corresponding increase in royalty. Nevertheless, authors are increasingly on the lookout for additional sources of revenue unconnected with literature. "*La littérature ne nourrit pas son homme*", is the candid pronouncement of Marcel Berger. Several of M. Berger's stories have had considerable popularity both in France and abroad, and his articles in "L'Information" are widely read. In spite of all this (and an admission that he will continue to write novels in his leisure moments) M. Berger declares he is preparing to embark on an enterprise somewhat far removed from imaginative writing. He is going in for — pig raising! A movement for more pigs and better pigs, organized on cooperative lines, has recently been quite successful. Model farms have been established in several Normandy villages, and the fortunate stockholders are rejoicing over large and constantly increasing dividends. The unbiased observer will probably agree with Berger that "*Il faut mieux élever des cochons que d'écrire des cochonneries*", a phrase which he translates into English as, "To keep the pot boiling, raise a pig, don't write a pot boiler."

* * * *

In spite of the period of financial stress through which France is passing, French publishers seem to be making a special effort to produce books calculated to lure the timorous franc from the pocket of even the most economically minded booklover. Not only is there a considerable number of volumes published in limited editions at prices ranging from fifty to six hundred francs apiece, but quite a few richly illustrated works, whose production must have involved a heavy outlay, have been published recently.

There is for instance "Marehurehu", a collection of tales and legends from

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Tahiti collected by Marc Chadourne and Maurice Guirre, accompanied by fourteen woodcuts by Gauguin never before reproduced in book form. This will no doubt delight all admirers of the work of the famous artist. Another volume containing reproductions of unusual interest is "L'Imagerie Populaire" by Pierre Duchartre and René Saulnier. A history of the evolution of the "broadside", which flourished in France from the fifteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, it is also a mine of curious information about popular customs and traditions in provincial France of the period. The "broadsides" touched on many aspects of life. Some recorded the outstanding political events of the day, presented in popular form; others contained the words and music of popular songs, propaganda in favor of local saints, or some folk tale which, before the invention of printing, had been handed down by word of mouth. Historically, they may be regarded as the embryo of the periodical and newspaper triumphs of modern civilization.

Messieurs Duchartre and Saulnier have made admirable use of their varied material. From among thousands of different broadsides they have reproduced those most likely to interest the general public, on account of their artistic merit, the quaint conception of the artist, or the historical importance of his subject. The book is likely to have a wide appeal.

* * * *

Leo Tolstoy's novel, "The Devil", has been translated into English for the first time by Aylmer Maude. The second part of Arthur Waley's translation of the Japanese classic, "The Tale of Genji", is to be published under the title "The Sacred Tree". In a foreword the translator discusses Murasaki's methods as a novelist, and fiction in Japan before "The Tale of Genji" was written. The English publishers of both these books are Messrs. Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

* * * *

The Berlin firm of Ullstein is issuing an attractive series of little paper covered 50,000 word books at a price equivalent to a few cents, under the general title of "Wege zum Wissen". The series already covers a wide range of subjects — astronomy, chemistry, travel and exploration, socialism, folk tales, Kant, Nietzsche, and a survey of Russia of today. Diana Strickland's "Through the Belgian Congo" is also among the early titles.

* * * *

Keen interest in the novels of H. G. Wells is now being displayed by German publishers. His future work is being contracted for in advance. A significant point is that the price to be paid for his unwritten novels is to be much higher if they prove to be a reversion to Wells's earlier, fantastic romances. I understand, however, that Mr. Wells will not commit himself. His last novel, "Christina Alberta's Father", which is certainly reminiscent of the earlier Wells, has just been translated into Finnish.

* * * *

The Goncourt Diaries were, by the terms of the will, to have been published twenty five years after the death of Edmond de Goncourt, but as readers of a recent note of mine on the subject are aware, their publication has been delayed for obvious reasons. The Diaries have now been put at the disposal of visitors to the Bibliothèque Nationale, where they have been kept all this time. They consist of eight

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thick octavo volumes bound in parchment, and three quarto volumes bound in dark green morocco. Edmond de Goncourt's "La Fille Elisa" (Paris, Testard, 1895), printed on vellum and containing the original drawings of Jeanniot, with 47 pen studies, fetched the high price of 29,100 francs at the recent sale by auction in Paris of the library of René Descamps-Scrive.

* * * *

Margaret Kennedy's "The Constant Nymph" has just been published in Germany under the title "Die Treue Nymphe". I hear that the translation is particularly good. By way of contrast, the same translator is responsible for the German version of "Doctor Dolittle".

* * * *

The publication of Swedish literature in Finland is very much on the down grade, owing to the remarkable increase in the number of Finnish books now being published. In 1923 the number of volumes in Swedish was 539, and in Finnish, 1,302; in 1924, there were 428 Swedish and 1,118 Finnish. The figures for 1925 will probably show that the pendulum is still swinging in the same direction.

* * * *

The widow of Leonid Andreyev has presented the whole of her husband's literary manuscript, together with his library, to the Russian Academy of Sciences, which has just celebrated its second centenary, in Leningrad. These will form a special Andreyev section of the Pushkin House, which is attached to the Academy.

* * * *

An extremely interesting book is Count Keyserling's "Book of Marriage", recently published by Niels Campmann, Celle. A varied and distinguished company of men of letters, doctors, and professors have contributed to this "symphony", expressing their views on the spiritual aspects of marriage. Why is marriage so hazardous an undertaking, is the question Count Keyserling and his contributors have tried to solve.

Count Keyserling, who is the head of the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt, and author of "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher", asked Bernard Shaw to contribute to the volume. The invitation elicited the following characteristic reply from G. B. S.:

> No man dare write the truth about marriage while his wife lives. Unless, that is, he hates her, like Strindberg, and I don't. I shall read the volume with interest, knowing that it will consist chiefly of evasions, but I will not contribute to it.

* * * *

Viscount Bryce's monumental work on "Modern Democracies" has been translated into Czechoslovakian. Peter B. Kyne's novels are also to be published in the same language. James Oliver Curwood's "Valley of Silent Men" is being done in Spanish, and his "Son of Kazan" and "The Ancient Highway" in Hungarian. Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Red Lamp" has been sold for publication both as book and serial in Danish-Norwegian. Recent Swedish acquisitions include Michael Arlen's "Piracy" and "May Fair", "The Callahans and the Murphys" by Kathleen Norris, "The Imperfect Impostor" by Norman Venner, "A Gentleman of Courage" by James Oliver Curwood, "Three Pilgrims and a Tinker" by Mary Borden, "The Fog" by William Dudley Pelley, and Edna Ferber's "Gigolo".

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

FRANK A. MUNSEY, dying, having amassed a huge fortune, and having been interested in journalism for years, leaves most of that fortune to art. This is a fine thing. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is a proud treasure, yet I cannot help but feel that this action of the late Mr. Munsey's is typical of the difference in attitude toward painting and writing. Few such bequests are made in behalf of literature. Mr. Carnegie, to be sure, endowed the Authors Club, and provided a fund which can be used for needy authors. Yet there is that adjective "needy" there. The John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation is filling a needed place, in that it provides traveling scholarships for those really doing research or creative work which will permanently add to the store of American learning and letters. I believe sincerely that most great works of art in writing are achieved in leisure. I do not believe that a starving man can write many great poems. There are at least five poets in America that I should like to see comfortably endowed, and I am sure that if they were so endowed, the work that would result would be a lasting monument to the donor of the endowment fund. Yet I know enough of human psychology to feel that this will never happen. We are too materialistic. We may provide funds for purchasing art masterpieces because they are tangible. We may even expend great fortunes in buying first editions and manuscripts of authors long since dead — because they again are tangible. But to plunk down cold cash to keep a fine poet and his family alive while he writes memorable verses — that is unthinkable.

The tenth anniversary of a famous luncheon club was an occasion of urbanity and glee. Will Irwin's recitation of a western ballad was masterly. At our table was Jesse Lynch Williams, recently returned from the campus of Ann Arbor, and filled with the spirit of New York. Like all New Yorkers, he had thought he would find himself much relieved to get away from us, but presently he was longing to return. How can anyone look out of my window, any window, on a bright day like this — the last one of the old year, by the way — and see that glorious pile of spires and towers, of glistening windows and glowing terraces, without knowing that sooner or later, in Michigan, Vermont, or South Carolina, will come a longing for the hustle and worry, the magic and beauty, of this magical and beautiful city? Struthers Burt sitting alongside Mr. Williams furnished another member for the Princeton clique. Mr. Burt seemed a bit disturbed by something I had written about him somewhere. I don't know what it could have been. I admire his work immensely, although I never did believe the people in "The Interpreter's House". However, my mother and most of my friends did, and I don't see why it matters much that they didn't seem real to me. They were just as interesting as though real, and that's the main thing, isn't it? Royal Cortissoz, staunch and kindly, made a speech or two, and even Frank Crowninshield, the world's most modest man, rose to his feet briefly. Here

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news was received that George Chappell is sick. It seems a pity that at a season of the year when he should be adding to the gaiety of nations with his cheerful self and his quips and cranks, he should be unable to bring joy to a lot of people who need joy in his form. Ah, well, perhaps the New Year will bring him even better health. New Year's resolutions crowd upon me. One of them is that I shall always be pleasant to everyone in the Gossip Shop; but I know it will soon be broken. Another is that I shall go only where I list and do what I list during 1926, and I know that will be broken. Soon I shall have reached an age where it is no longer possible to be considered young, and that is a great relief. At least the New Year is bringing me that.

The publishers announce that Gertrude Atherton is writing a life of Aspasia. Certain statements in that announcement appeal to me. Aspasia, according to this note, "will be remembered as one of the most famous of the Greek Hetairas — the courtezans who had so strange a position in Greek social life, being the only educated and cultured women in the ancient community." Aspasia's character having been thus established, the note opines that "History records no woman who so fulfils the modern ideal of woman." Indeed this will be an interesting thing for Mrs. Atherton to prove. We then learn that Mrs. Atherton has been making an extended visit to Greece in order to secure material for this "inspiring biography". "On her return to New York she plans to stay at a hotel near the New York Public Library which has some interesting additional material." I cannot resist pointing out the pleasant ambiguity of this last quotation.

The great Polish novelist Ladislas Reymont is dead. He was, as you know, a winner of the Nobel Prize, the author of "The Peasants". This statement causes me to renew an old wonder. Why do we not have a Department of Fine Arts in the American government? It could award prizes and, first and foremost, could be empowered to forbid the destruction of beautiful buildings which should be preserved as national monuments. The most important American contribution to the arts is the country's architects. Yet the beauties of Fifth Avenue are gradually giving away to the avidity of the realtors. This is really a serious matter. Before long Stanford White will be a name only, and his exquisite buildings will have vanished. I suppose that a Department of Fine Arts would soon fall into the hands of the politicians — and then, where should we be?

Harold Monro's yearly Chapbook is an interesting performance. It is modern enough, yet there are a few lovely and understandable things in it, among them excellent poems from Siegfried Sassoon. For your delectation, possibly for your puzzlement, I reprint a pen drawing by Terence Prentis called "Leaneyed Cæsar". It is one of the least grotesque of the modern illustrations. The use of words seems to be an overwhelming sensation to some of the contributors. They spring all naive at the sound of a harsh syllable. They pile grandiose and meaningless — to me, at least — phrases on top of grandiose and meaningless phrases and mark it poetry. These remarks are not meant as a tirade on free verse, a subject on which there is an excellent essay in this very volume. But, there is free verse and free verse — let me quote for your study a part of "The

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Idol" by Douglas Garman. It is addressed to "A great big woman is Eternity", and closes with,

From "The Chapbook"

She sits divine and indestructible
And inchoately muses ponderously:
She is obtuse, but might be beautiful—
And is ugly.

Perhaps you will agree with me that if it means anything at all, it is a perfect description of many women of our acquaintance, but it is neither gallant nor amusing to say so, nor does pondering over them either in life or in print add greatly to the joy substance of human living — for the evocation of which, in these days of sobriety, we must count largely on beauty.

Joseph Lincoln writes that he is spending the winter with his family just outside of Philadelphia. That is probably because one of the young Lincolns is at work on a Philadelphia paper. Previously we had been sending letters to him post haste all over the world of New England and New Jersey, without great success. I quarreled the other evening with an upstate English teacher who had brought a sheaf of his students to New York for the holidays. One of the students asked, "What do you think of Joseph Lincoln. I think he's great stuff." I replied heartily in the affirmative. "Well *he*" — pointing to the guilty teacher — "wouldn't let me do an English report on him." Now, why not? If the boy genuinely likes the stories of Mr. Lincoln, why shouldn't he report this fact? Undoubtedly any novel of Mr. Van Vechten's would have been approved, and I don't see much difference between the two men in point of literary merit, although there's a lot in other respects. Zane Grey, by the way, writes from California that it took him ten years to gather material for "The Vanishing American". He says that he hopes it has captured something of the spirit of the Indian. I haven't read it yet, but shall, presently. Certainly it made one of the year's finest motion pictures. News has it that "Ben Hur" is a masterpiece of the films. With all the time and effort spent on it, and with so great a story, how could it help but sweep the movie world to enthusiasm? The success of "The Big Parade" should well make up to Laurence Stallings for the lack of public appreciation of his plays this season. Stallings is one of the finest hopes in things artistic that America has. I hope that he will soon give up criticism and devote himself entirely to creative writing. Criticism will lose by the exchange, but it seems a pity that a mind so finely flaring should waste itself on comments of journalistic tinge on the books of others, many of them not worth the words of wisdom expended upon them.

Prizes of five hundred to one hundred dollars are being offered by Station WLS of Chicago and the Drama League of America for the best radio

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play. Statements of the rules of the contest may be secured from the Drama League. I quote from their pamphlet, however, several paragraphs:

WILL MEAN A NEW ART

Radio play production will present a new art. There must be a new kind of presentation of the drama and a new art of writing it.

Radio will not allow any sly "stage business" to be put over. Glances, asides and business with props cannot be put over to the radio audience. Entrances and exits must be some way told of in the action of the play. Just as the movies brought about a new drama and a new way of presenting it, so will radio, because of the requirements.

Sounds are important. Bells of all kinds, church, dinner, telephone, house and others can be used to good advantage. Rain, storms, musical backgrounds, horses, airplanes, automobiles, all have sounds which can be duplicated and will lend life to the words and action of the play. . . .

All the radio fan has to depend upon for his entertainment is his ear. The radio productions must be so presented that the ear will be able to know everything that is going on in the play. This contest should challenge the spirit of anyone who is able to write a play or thinks he might be able to write one. There is a world of fame and opportunity if the playwright can put his material together in such a way as to interest those millions who are known as radio fans or the radio public.

The contest closes February 1.

It was Cosmo Hamilton who recently ventured the statement that radio would soon do away with novel reading, and that radio novels would undoubtedly be the thing for the future. Such speculations are amusing, but not particularly important. I do not believe that the radio will ever even slightly decrease reading, any more than the moving picture has. It is much more likely to increase reading, since it produces a more literate nation. Most of the people I know who own a radio listen to its music *while* they read, and turn it off as soon as they happen on anything that sounds like a voice speaking in ordinary tones.

Picking out a costume for a masquerade ball is one of those tricky tasks that weary the brain on a cold day like this. I wanted to dress as Harold Lloyd, but no one seemed enthusiastic, and a football costume is so hot before the morning. The genial costumer said, "I strongly recommend a shipwrecked sailor, sir — I'm sure you'll win a prize as a shipwrecked sailor." Just why I reminded him of a sad tar cast on a far coast I do not know. However, I decided, in deference to Mr. Benét who came along to help decide this weighty matter, on a Spanish costume. Benét (Stephen, this is) has decided to do a series of novels following "Spanish Bayonet" which will show the development in America of the Latin temperament as opposed to the New England. Frankly, I don't believe it is always opposed; for example, Mr. Benét's family and my own both date from Colonial days — his was Latin, mine was Puritan — and we get along splendidly. To be sure, a few Irishmen got mixed up with my blood on the way. That may make some difference. Christmas, young Miss Benét came to visit us. She can now say something that sounds like "Father", and she took all the knives and forks out of the table drawer in the kitchen. It was all right with the kitchen, but when she brandished the carving knife it became quite apparent that, after all, Latin temperament is inherited. These New Year's parties! They last and last and last and you still go on having a good time. The costumer said, "They're getting wilder than ever this year. You should just see the North African jingo I'm putting on at Hoboken" — or at least I think he said Hoboken. I wish someone

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would do a short novel on New Year's in New York City. I still want to see the great New York novel written. John Dos Passos tried it, so did Konrad Bercovici, but neither one caught the feel of the *whole* town. It can be done, say, by Sinclair Lewis. I can think of no other American who could do just what I mean except Lewis.

Just before he left for his round the world cruise, Arthur Bartlett Maurice prepared and published for the O. Henry Memorial Association a most interesting pamphlet on the great short story writer. Glancing through it, I happen on O. Henry's tribute to Eugene Field, which appeared in the Houston "Daily Post" in November, 1895, just after Field's death:

No gift his genius might have had,
Of titles high in church and State,
Could charm him as the one he bore
Of children's poet laureate.

He smiling pressed aside the bays
And laurel garlands that he won,
And bowed his head for baby hands
To place a daisy wreath upon.

He found his kingdom in the ways
Of little ones he loved so well;
For them he tuned his lyre and sang
Sweet simple songs of magic spell.

Oh, greater feat to storm the gates
Of children's pure and cleanly hearts,
Than to subdue a warring world
By stratagems and doubtful arts!

So, when he laid him down to sleep
And earthly honors seemed so poor;
Methinks he clung to little hands
The latest, for the love they bore.

A tribute paid by chanting choirs
And pealing organs rises high;
But soft and clear, somewhere he hears
Through all, a child's low lullaby.

One piece of news heard last night pleases me immensely. Roger Burlingame, publisher and author, has written a new novel to follow "You Too". He finished it one day and sold it as a serial to "Pictorial Review" the next. This makes at least two publishers who have branched out to success this year. Barry Benefield's "Chicken-Wagon Family" is rapidly winning a place in the firm affections of the country. It could scarcely do otherwise. What a fanciful and delightful book it is! Louis Bromfield, a truant from the publishing field, still writes letters from Paris which claim homesickness for New York. They are indited on bright green paper, which may mean envy. What think you? Charles Walker, who once worked in the steel mills and wrote a fine book called "Steel", is just back from France, with tales of all the Americans now sojourning there. He is of the opinion that Paris is becoming so American that America is now the place for young writers to see ourselves with detachment. Zelma Brandt has returned, too, from Paris and London, with the usual literary agent gossip and a lovely scarlet and purple evening cloak. Frances Newman, who last season edited and compiled "The Short Story's Mutations", called recently, and I looked at her in surprise, remembering the gay binding of that volume. "Why, you're dressed in your book!" remarked I. And so she was — purple and scarlet. It seems that those are her colors, and that the coincidence, like so many chances in the world of letters, was a planned one.

With the publication of "The Arcturus Adventure", William Beebe will give the public another romantic and beautiful book embodying the travel lure. Mr. Beebe's energy never dims. This winter he is entertaining with frequency and zest, and his parties are the despair of other less com-

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plex entertainers. In Ezra Winter's huge studio, high in the Grand Central Station, are to be found huge crowds of damsels and their swains. Here Beatrice Lillie, remote and green-draped, sits in a chair and watches the dancing, while dozens of young men cluster about her. Here Yvonne George waves bangled arms and sings "Mon Homme" with abandon. Here Hewitt Howland, come from Indianapolis to edit "The Century", watches the cosmopolitan array and thinks that Indianapolis is not like this. Here the entire company of "The Garrick Gaieties" dances, and the company of "The Vortex" moves somewhat languidly through the measures. Benda, the artist, presents a new series of masks, and when Anna Duncan appears in one called "The Madonna", she is greeted by a hush and then bravos. Sigmund Spaeth is master of ceremonies. He is one of these entertainers who suddenly become indispensable at all parties, or most parties. His barber shop ballads are a side line. Dr. Spaeth is a musician who finds the byways of music filled with humor for the layman. He has that vigor of method which characterizes Nora Bayes. No song or stunt in their capable hands, feet, body, and voice can fail in its effect. Of all the people I met, William Beebe's father was the most amusing. He has a fine sense of humor and he enjoys everyone and everything. It is an achievement.

Elizabeth Mackinstry seems to know a lot about fairies, if we are to judge from her colorfully jacketed little book of verses called "Puck in Pasture". But her pen and ink drawings of the "laughing people" and the "good folk" that no longer visibly inhabit the fens and moors of Ireland are even more charming. There is in these sketches an air of wildness, of winds that blow strange songs across the earth, of meadows at dawn that show the print of tiny feet and are strewn

From "Puck in Pasture"

with the evidences of a fairy feast. This very versatile lady has written and illustrated a book of songs for readers who are not too grown up to hear the eerie music of the wee folk of a midsummer's night.

The Yale Club is actually becoming intellectual. One used to be sure of seeing actors, authors, and what not at the Harvard Club, but of late things have changed. Meade Minnigerode was always to be found in his suite at Mr. Eli's house — and still is. By the way, did you notice that Colonel Mitchell is comparing himself with Aaron Burr? Maybe that's because they have the same publishers — or rather, the Wandell-Minnigerode life of Burr is published by the same firm who bring out "Winged Defense". Will Colonel Mitchell find his Hamilton? More and better duels, is our present motto. George Pierce Baker may now be seen in the Yale Club, and

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even Channing Pollock was encountered in the lobby the other day. Here, too, Noel Coward, brought in by what chance I wot not — and Gilbert Seldes, dreamily contemplating his lost play. Lee Wilson Dodd may be seen almost any evening now sinking wearily into a large black chair after rehearsals of his new piece, and Dr. Henry Canby prances in occasionally with a new English poet or an American professor of English. This is fine. The literary do not seem completely lost among the forests of football players. Perhaps, though, this *is* an off season for athletes. Remembering Princeton, we cannot overlook an anecdote told by Robert E. Sherwood of "Life". Sitting in front of a Princeton Triangle Club man and his lady at a recent Paul Whiteman concert, he overheard a literary discussion. Said the Princeton gallant: "This opera they've made from 'The Jest' is one thing I want to hear this year." "Oh, yes!" said she. "Who wrote that, anyway, it wasn't Shakespeare, was it?" "No," said she, "I think it was some modern fellow." "Marlowe?" he suggested. "Yes," said she, "Marlowe." And so it is settled at Princeton.

Laura Bell Everett sends a parcel of notes from California:

Ina Coolbrith has been present at various places of late, among them the Golden Jubilee festivities on Admission Day, and the California Writers' Club dinner, when she and Charles F. Lummis brought back for us the Golden Age of the Golden State.

Miss Coolbrith's home, 112 Lyon Street, San Francisco — Haight Street car line — should be the shrine for literary pilgrims that her Telegraph Hill home was until the fire wiped it out; its rare library of first editions was a sore loss to Miss Coolbrith. So, too, was her correspondence, which included many letters from such writers as Edmund Clarence Stedman, who consulted her many times during his work on his American Anthology.

Those who are reading "Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo" by Charles F. Lummis should have heard him recite his own poems at a recent dinner of the California Writers' Club. The present generation may well sit at the feet of a poet who can so combine strength with exquisite workmanship.

Allan A. Hunter, whose study of the youth movement has been published under the title "Youth's Adventure", has had wide acquaintance with the youth of different lands, especially Egypt, India, China, and Japan. He taught for two years in Assiut College, Egypt. He served as a Y. M. C. A. secretary with the Egyptian Expeditionary Forces before the capture of Jerusalem, and spent the next two years with the Red Cross Commission to Palestine. He is a Princeton man, from Riverside, California.

The days of jazz are upon us with fervor. Negro spirituals crowd the air. Paul Whiteman's performance of jazz opera, and the Chicagoans' efforts at trombone-accompanied arias, rend the heavens. Frances Williams shakes her blond head to fame in "The Cocoanuts", and George Gershwin is beloved by the intelligent. Young men and women across the country practise the Charleston and neglect their Latin verbs, while Charleston itself in all its quiet beauty slumbers on. A young Negro teacher, Harold Jackman, writes me that I have done his compatriot, Countee Cullen, a great injustice in saying that he is just out of high school. Ah, well, Mr. Jackman, we all grow old soon or late; I remember Mr. Cullen as a high school boy, and that doesn't seem long ago to me — but I'll admit it was, and so let it be known that Mr. Cullen is now a graduate of New York University studying for his M.A. at no less an institution than Harvard University. Here, I think must be confessed an office error that caused some worry and a deal of amusement. In preparing advertising copy for Du Bose Heyward's "Porgy", a quotation was used which should have read, "The finest novel of the Negro ever written

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by a white man." The proof came in one dawn, and very nearly escaped correction. It read, "The finest novel ever written by a white man." This, after all, is something to say, even about so favored an author as Mr. Heyward.

A very young lady, quite a favorite with me, sent me a poem today to cheer the working hours. She should have sent it yesterday, when sleet beat against the panes, or last night, when the office was chilly, and no matter where I put the typewriter there seemed to be cold fingers clutching at my back. Ann Williams says that when she grows up she is going to write, and just now she is much interested in books on history. Her mother says that she should play more, and I quite agree. If only all the young things who try to write would spend the time out of doors, what an excellent thing it would be for the football and basketball teams of the colleges. Here is Ann's poem:

RAINBOW

The rainbow is a beautiful
scarf of air it comes out
after rain as though it
was glad to get outside.
Sometimes I sit on my
chair watching the rainbow,
for hour and my mother
calls me to diner. The
diner never interest me
when their is a rainbow
in the skie.

Alexander Woollcott does keep one informed as to the habits of the town. It is comforting, after retiring from the circles of intelligents, to be able to follow their vagaries through the reporting of this enthusiastic little fellow in the New York Sunday "World". He tells us in the "World" that they still play parlor games, one of the most popular this year being that which requires the players to think of friends and enemies in terms of flowers. A pretty game, to be sure. It augurs well for the future of our criticism. It should stimulate the imagination and improve the odor, provided, of course, skunk cabbage does not come into the discussion with too great frequency. Mr. Woollcott in his pretty way goes on to say that it is impossible to gaze at Miss Madge Kennedy for long without thinking of sweetpeas. This should compliment Miss Kennedy. You are quite right, Mr. Woollcott, sweetpeas are lovely flowers. Now, I suggest that all the young intellectuals in the country follow their leaders and play the game of flowers. It will be a rest from other indoor sports. They might vary it occasionally by pinning the tail on the donkey — or by making it vegetables. There are some vegetables which are quite beautiful. Haven't you seen people who remind you of pumpkins — or even canned tomatoes? Ah well, the great minds of the country must be amused.

New glasses make the most extraordinary difference in one's outlook on life and, particularly, on Gossip. Now, the first show I saw after the new lenses arrived was "The Greenwich Village Follies". Suddenly, I knew that for a whole year I had not been seeing all I should. The trouble, however, with the "Follies" was that on the second night, at which performance there were only two people known to me, Hartley Manners and Dwight Taylor — who, by the way, is now daily associated with that esteemed publication "The New Yorker" — As I started to say and didn't finish the sentence, the trouble with the "Follies" was that something had gone wrong with the stage hands — or with the scenery. It bobbed and jerked and wheezed,

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and my new glasses made it possible to see more stage hands than I have ever before witnessed from the front of a theatre. They flew between curtains, they bumped into chorus girls. Curtains went up when they should have gone down. It was just one of those jolly occasions when a perfectly good show goes wrong. The chorus made up for everything. Excellently chosen, in fact. Dwight Taylor, who should be prouder than ever of his mother for her performance in Philip Barry's "In a Garden", says that he has two secretaries, and two wastebaskets. He puts the secretaries into the wastebaskets, and throws the typewriters out the window. There's a problem for a young man not used to editorial offices. After the first few days you'll learn how to keep your secretaries busy and not do anything yourself. It's genius. Another piece of advice for young men starting in on a writing career: A friend writer who has been reading the press noted that the most successful playwrights of the year, Noel Coward and Michael Arlen, were both said to possess large wardrobes. He went to a well known cloak and suit store, where he purchased five suits, four hats, three pairs of shoes, a couple of overcoats, and a cane. As he entered the door on his return home, his family greeted him with the news that he had just sold a motion picture. It becomes apparent that wardrobes do regulate success.

Elsewhere in the magazine is a review of Florence Ayscough's lovely and unusual book about China. I have written much of Mrs. Ayscough in these pages; but one fact I forgot to note. She is, in addition to being a charming woman, a writer and scholar of distinction, an excellent photographer. Recently she sent me four exquisite photographs which she had taken in Amy Lowell's house at Brookline. There was the great staircase leading into the wide hall, the fireplace with its curious narrow sticks piled by the side ready to be thrown on through the long night

Florence Ayscough

as conversation sparkled along with the fire, there was a corner of the library, with a huge bowl of slender white orchids on a table. There is no one in America to take Miss Lowell's place. No one who dares to be intellectually so ruthless, emotionally so kind. If she had been living, her review of her collaborator's book would have been highly appreciative. The volume, with its lovely pages and its quaint and beautiful text, is dedicated to her.

A new artistic home has been added to the small list of places where creative workers can go for rest and work. "Yaddo" is its name, and I think it well worthwhile to quote a portion of the brochure describing its intentions and advantages:

Yaddo, the country estate of the late Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Trask at Saratoga

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Springs, New York, is now open for temporary residence to a limited number of creative workers from June to October. Guests will live in the mansion where they will have studios in which there will be protection from intrusion and opportunity for sustained effort. This country home invites one also to the rest and recreation necessary for creative work. A moderate living fee is asked. . . . Mrs. John Carroll Ames is the Executive Director.

From Baltimore and the protectorate of Edward Lucas White comes Mr. Polan Banks, slender, young, with dark hair and eyes and a superb confidence in his own abilities. His historical novel, "Black Ivory", a rapid fire romance, will consequently be one of the novels from the very young men this spring. F. Scott Fitzgerald, with his fine sense of titles, has achieved the perfect one for his new collection of short stories. It is called, as all the world knows, "All the Sad Young Men". The beauty of it is, it is so true. All the young men I know are sad. Why are they sad? The young women aren't sad. It's a problem. I feel that it has something to do with feminism. To be sure, a sonnet from "Harper's" written by a former student of mine, Hildegarde Fillmore, would make you think that the young ladies *were* sad; but on the other hand there is a note of triumph, even in this poignant piece:

FOOL'S BURIAL

If you had waited, foolish Love, to die,
I would have fetched fine mourning from the town:
Rich words, and splendid bitterness to lie
About your head in thick funereal crown.
There had been dusky plumes of old desire
And for your body's ease a silken shroud
Of stuff called sacrifice, that men admire —
That were a death to make a lover proud.

The world will never know you walked, a king,
Into my heart no longer free to dare;
I bent to do your will in everything
And heaped up tribute that would make you fair.
Where did you spend the treasure that I gave,
To lie all naked in a beggar's grave?

Being a page boy in a public library must offer many opportunities for the observation of book habits. Here is the fruit of one young gentleman's work. If he is a bit patronizing, he must be forgiven. When one is very young, nothing but the very best seems worthwhile. Here are his impressions, reprinted "as is":

Who are our most popular authors? Which books are most in demand? The answers will come varied as life itself — and as startling. But for a year now I have been employed as a page and distributer of books in a New York Public Library, and though it is only a matter of a few hours after school each day, nevertheless I have come in contact with a host of readers and am equally familiar with the majorities likes and dislikes concerning books.

From careful observation I was surprised to find such a fluctuation variation in certain readers choice of books. Amy Lowell, Anatole France and Joseph Conrad a year ago were read only by a small, discriminating minority. To day their books are reserved and in demand by those who a short time before read Curwood and Grey. The reason is obvious. Death make people inquisitive, the invariable turn of mind from passing notice to intense interest.

I have found, and I firmly believe it is true, that the majority of readers in our public libraries, read to be amused rather than for the fundamental principle of gaining something — a new insight of life, or a deeper broader understanding of civilization and mankind. From actual figures and statistics I have found that Mary Roberts Rinehart and E. M. Hull are more widely read than May Sinclair, Rose McCauley or Edith Wharton. That Raphael Sabatini is the most popular author represented, and that, peculiar as it may seem, he has replaced his own first ideal, Stanely Weyman, in the matter of popularity.

I am not bewailing the illeterate tastes of the American readers or to disapprove of their choice of books, but nevertheless the fact remains that nine out of ten readers will reserve, and invariably wait months, for a book by Zane Grey, Kyne, Curwood or Sabatini, whereas only one out of these ten will read Tolstoy or Arnold Bennett, Walpole, Dreiser or even Sherwood Anderson.

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There are whole shelves of others by Shaw, Conrad, Galsworthy and Hamsun that remain intact week after week.

Occasionally, I notice some editor will publish a list of books which to his opinion will last a century and, possibly, to some day take their place in literature as classics. There are certain books, which, although not in the true sense of the word popular, are nevertheless read steadily and have not decreased in demand or past into oblivion with the passing years. Those books; "The Forsythe Saga," and "Jean Christophe" as well as "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant" by Shaw and Barrie's "Peter Pan," are my choice for future greatness.

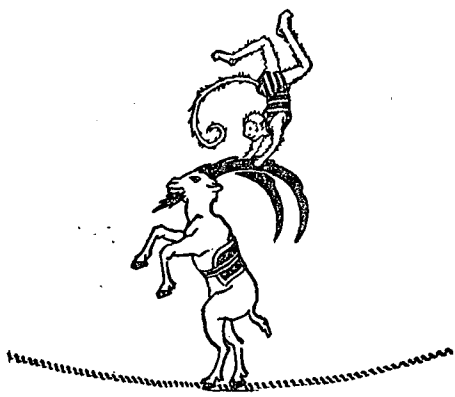
Detective and western fiction have always been popular and it is E. Phillips Oppenheim and J. S. Fletcher who are the most popular detective fiction writers; and it is Zane Grey followed closely by Charles Alden Seltzer, Clarence Mulford and Wm. McLeod Raine, who have the greatest following among the "western fans". Gaboriau and Bret Harte have within the last few years almost entirely lost favor. Among the younger readers, students and young men and women, Arlen and Fitzgerald are the favorites with Wm. J. Locke, Joseph C. Lincoln, Wells and Arnold Bennett the staid favorites of the older men and women.

Humor, too, has a distinct and permanent place in America literature. Irvin S. Cobb and Harry Leon Wilson here lead the field. I do not believe that in recent years there ever was a humorous book that reached the height of popularity attained by "Merton of the Movies" or "Professor, How Could You?" Only Will Rogers "Illiterate Digest," has come within there mark. Stephen Leacock, George Ade and Don Marquis are also authors whose books are, in most cases, in constant demand.

Translations are not as a rule read by the majority of the people. Hamsun, Checkov, Tolstoy and Bojer create only passing interest. Possibly it is the very dignity and austerity of their names and book titles that is the cause for the lack of interest. Of the foreign authors, I do not consider English writers as foreigners, Blasco Ibanez is without doubt the most popular.

In all, I have found an amazingly large demand for the works of authors who are not reputed as possessing any real literary quality, and a surprisingly small interest in the books of authors of recognized ability and literary value.

"Round the World with Jocko the Great" is a juvenile which has been on my table for some time, and which I have read with much interest and amusement. Samuel Ornitz was the author of "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl". In his juvenile he has preserved the same vigorous qualities of imagination, but added to them a light whimsicality which is surprising and which should prove fascinating to children, as it un-



From "Round the World with Jocko"

doubtedly will to grown folk. The hero has an amazing adventure with Napoleon's frock coat in Paris, talks with Pharaoh's barber under the pyramids, and does numerous other unexpected and thrilling things. Circus clowns are among the most appealing of God's creatures. It is F. P. A., I think, who refuses to consider them amusing; but perhaps that is because he doesn't like circuses. Added to the fact that Jocko is a clown is the other fact that he is a monkey. The appeal of monkeys is also undeniable. Strolling down Fifth Avenue last night with two violent puppies brought me to the conclusion that the spirits of animals refuse to be tamed. This, however, is not a truth, only a generality based on the particular action of a black dog and a white dog, bent on running all the way from Ninety Fourth Street to Eighty First, in spite of the cold and the evident desire of those at the other end of the leashes to walk, briskly to be

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sure, but at least to walk. A puppy has no regard for circumstances. The novelist who happens to own the white Sealyham had a bad cold. He also had a new pair of slippers. The puppy took one of the slippers and carried it to the chilly roof. The novelist, in a bath-robe, becoming of course but not so warm as a fur coat, pursued, rescued the slipper, and whipped the dog. Upon his return to the warmth of the house and a typewriter, the rescued slipper dangled from his foot again. It now rests in shreds on the roof, and the determined white puppy is thoroughly happy!

Charles Hanson Towne's new novel, "Tinsel", is on the spring lists. Mr. Towne does not change with the years. His epigrams still ring across the fashionable dinner tables. Not long ago I saw him at a party, adjusting a paper cap to his head with the equanimity of one who feels sure that it is becoming. He and Marc Connelly are the best of the amateur clowns who are to be seen here and there about town. Mr. Connelly's famous "Death of Cleopatra" is still the triumph in parlor entertainment. Of all the beautiful Christmas cards received by this office this year, Mr. Connelly's poem and one by Hervey Allen were the most appreciated. Hervey Allen's card took the form of a book exquisitely designed by Bruce Rogers. The poem itself, like Mr. Connelly's, is a thing of beauty. I quote a verse or two with its fine religious feeling, and its quaint form:

CHRISTMAS EPITHALAMIUM

Now comes the ordered prime;
A maiden in her time
  Has given birth,
    Unto the holy babe
    Within the oxen cave
  To end the mercy-dearth.

The long pavilioned wings
Of heaven-burnished things
  Have domed the town;
    Beneath them and the star,
    Where babe and mother are,
  The kings kneel down.

False Herod's heart of stone
Is heavy for his throne,
  Undebonaire;
    This is the child foretold
    By seers and prophets old
  To sit in David's Chair.

The Gossip Shop has a representative in La Crosse, Wisconsin, a charming young lady with golden hair and chuckling blue eyes who amuses herself with the Woman's Page of one of the newspapers. The Twentieth Century Club of La Crosse last year awarded a prize to the club woman who submitted the best list of 150 books for a home library. We are not going to give you all of the prize winning list but just the poetry and drama. How many of you would agree with this choice?

POETRY

Shakespeare.
Longfellow.
Dante's *Divine Comedy.*
Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey.*
Robert Browning's.
Mrs. Robert Browning's.
Burns's Poems.
Byron's Poems.
Kalevala, Finland's Epic Poem.
Eugene Field's Poems.
James Whitcomb Riley's Poems.
Wordsworth's Poems.
Shelley's Poems.
Æneid — Virgil.
Coleridge's Poems.
Book of Heroic Verse, Corniston Classics.
Milton's Poems.
Faust — Goethe.
Tennyson's Poems
Whittier's Poems.

DRAMA

Æschylus's Dramas.
The School for Scandal — Sheridan.
A Doll's House — Ibsen.
Restoration Plays from Dryden to Farquhar.
Book of the Grand Opera.

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